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4MOST

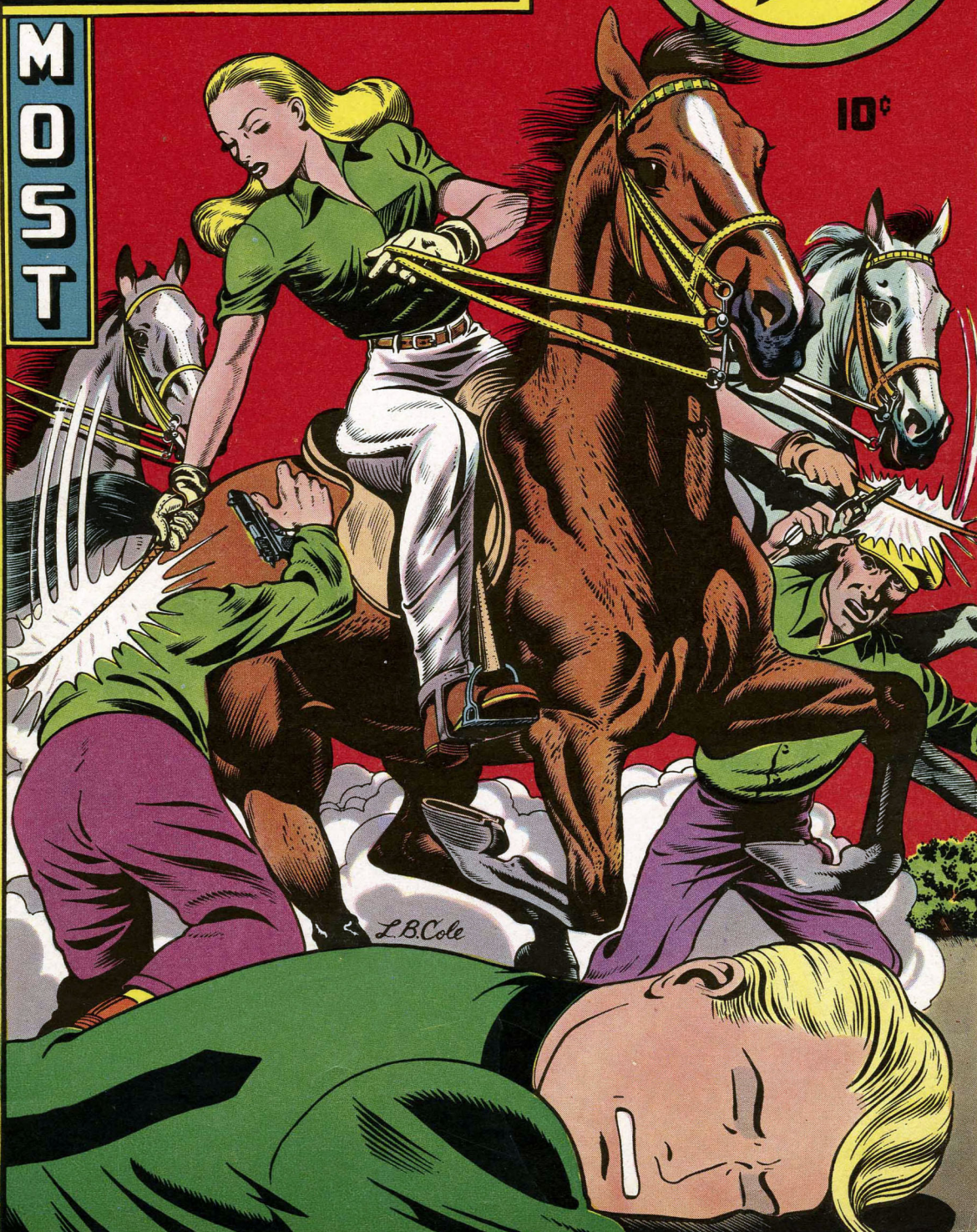
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

52 PAGES
OF
SLAM BANG
ACTION

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VOL.7 NO.4





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-THOUGHTS AND AFTERTHOUGHTS

THE EDITORS WRITE:

Dear Readers:

Think you'd like to design a cover? We asked Mr. Leonard Cole, who drew our cover this month, how he designed covers. Leonard has been doing magazine artwork for ten years and says he has done about 1000 illustrations and covers.

"The Editors show me the story they want illustrated on the cover," Mr. Cole explained. "Then I draw up two or three water-color sketches. Two usually show action from the plot and one may give the idea and spirit of the story, but not an actual scene. When the Editors make their choice, I do an enlarged drawing in pen and brush. A small reproduction of this is colored as a guide for the engraver. And there's your cover!"

Mr. Cole specializes in drawing horses. "I love horses—they're so graceful for such a large animal," he told us. "I drew my first horse in Kentucky where I went to school, and I've been studying them ever since." Mr. Cole did several water-colors of horses for the N.Y. Graphic Society. He worked on the Elmendorf Farm in Kentucky and used Man o' War as one of the models. Leonard is working now on a series of illustrations of every breed of horse in the world.

Our artist does more than draw horses, however. He is an ex-cavalryman and has three awards for good hands, riding gaited horses. He wants it known—he is no relation to Dick or Kingston Cole!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

My mother has kept many comic books from me. She says they are unfit to read. My friend came over with a 4MOST and told her how much his mother appreciated it. My mother then decided to inspect it. On inspecting it, she decided never to keep it from me. Although she does not like to admit it, she enjoys them herself.

Sincerely,
Sam Pisano
Sunny Vale, Cal.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I think that "Dick Cole" is the best comic strip ever drawn! I am nine years old and am interested in cartooning. I listen to "Dick Cole" over the radio and read him in your comics. I like "Edison Bell" too, while the "Cadet" tails along. The end! From ...
Mark Wyman
River Falls, Wis.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading your November-December issue and I want you to know that I think you have a swell magazine.

I think all the stories are fine. I think "Dick Cole" is the most exciting and the best story. I also like "Edison Bell" and "Candid Charlie."

I think you have a great idea in the questions and answers. They are very educational, although I think they should be harder.

The only suggestion I have is that you have Dan Merry (in the "Cadet") comb his hair sometimes. I looked over the whole story and I could not find one place where his hair was not hanging in his face.

Thank you for a swell magazine.

Sincerely,
Frank Adams
Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

Dear Editors:

After reading Volume 7, Number 1, I was disgusted to find that you did not have "Candid Charlie" in that issue. I have been sick so I have not been able to read some of the past issues which had "Grover and Bonnie," but my friends tell me it was simply awful. All of us like "Candid Charlie."

I wish you would improve your faces

a little bit by making them more colorful and not so many hard lines.

Couldn't you put in a story about some famous girl in your comic each month? I am sure that all my friends would enjoy it and also your other girl readers.

Sincerely yours,
Leslie McAreny
Princeton, N. J.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

As a regular reader of 4MOST comics, I have a chance to read and study each character. In my opinion I think that the new character "Lem the Grem" is one of the finest of all. Although he could not possibly be alive, he shows real good, clean, humor which all of your readers appreciate and enjoy very much. I asked some of my friends about it and they agreed with me.

I would like to say that the drawings in your book are the finest I have seen. I also think that your art director should be congratulated on his splendid work.


A friend of "Lem the Grem"
B. D. Hartnitt
Tulsa, Okla.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4MOST COMICS, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Printed in the U.S.A.

DICK COLE



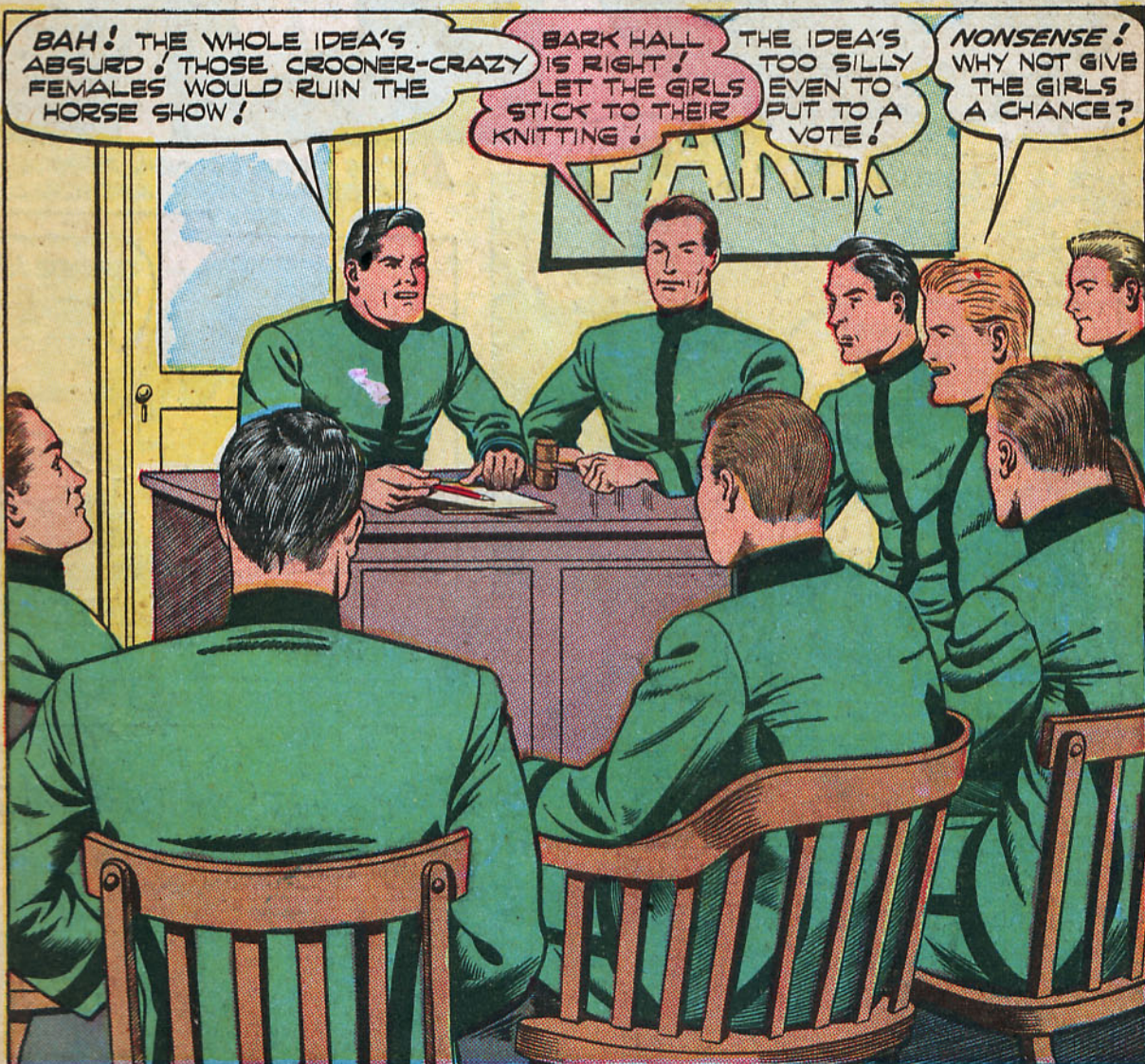
IN THE STUDENT COUNCIL OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY A BATTLE RAGES OVER THE QUESTION: "SHOULD FARR GRANT THE REQUEST OF THE CENTVIEW SEMINARY GIRLS TO PERFORM IN THE ACADEMY'S FORTHCOMING CHARITY HORSE SHOW?"

BAH! THE WHOLE IDEA'S ABSURD! THOSE CROONER-CRAZY FEMALES WOULD RUIN THE HORSE SHOW!

BARK HALL IS RIGHT! LET THE GIRLS STICK TO THEIR KNITTING!

THE IDEA'S TOO SILLY EVEN TO PUT TO A VOTE!

NONSENSE! WHY NOT GIVE THE GIRLS A CHANCE?



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Phillip E. Moonan, Assistant Manager
Mel Cummin, Art Director; Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

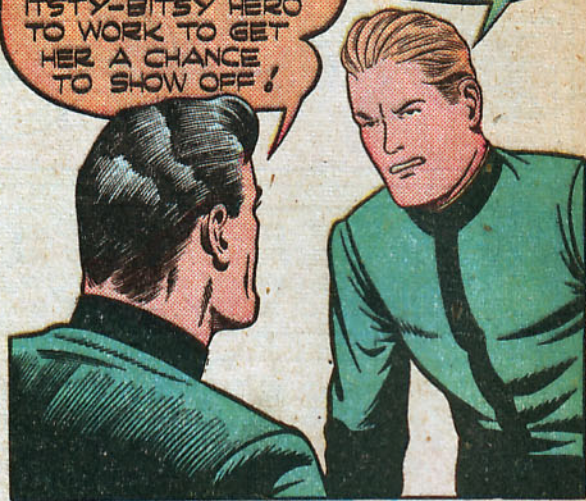
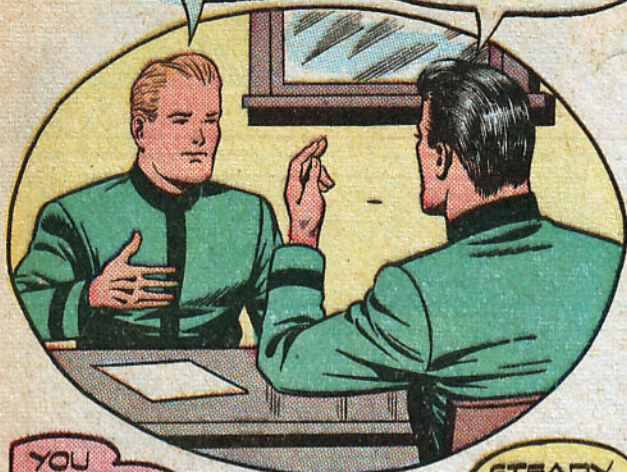
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SOME OF THEM ARE WONDERFUL RIDERS!

HUH! WE ALL KNOW YOUR ANGLE, COLE!

IT'S PLAIN, LAURA BRADLY'S PUT HER ITTY-BITSY HERO TO WORK TO GET HER A CHANCE TO SHOW OFF!

CUT IT OUT, BARK!



YOU WANT TO MAKE A SORORITY MEETING OUT OF OUR SHOW, JUST TO WIN A KISS FROM YOUR ITTY BUTTERCUP!

STEADY, DICK!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR IT, BARK!



BOOKS TRAP, COUNCIL PRESIDENT, BANGS HIS GAVEL AND CALLS FOR ORDER.

ORDER!! WE'LL TAKE A VOTE ON THIS QUESTION!



THE COUNCIL VOTES, AND TRAP READS THE RESULT.

THE MEETING ADJOURNS AND BARK HALL ACCOSTS DICK.

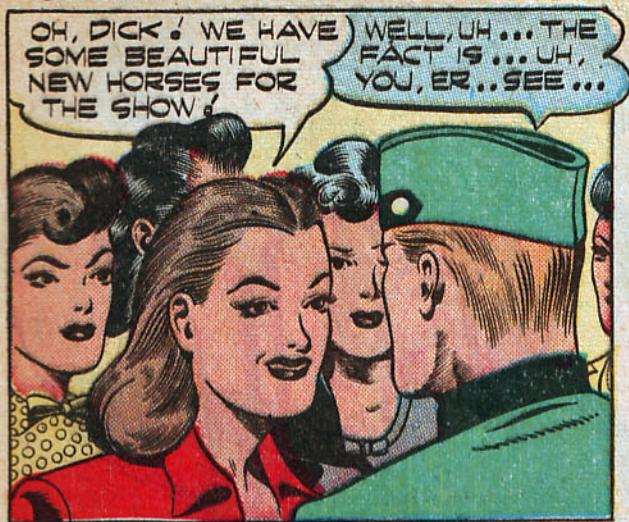
YOU CAN TELL THE SEMINARY GALS IT'S STILL A MAN'S WORLD. TOO BAD, COLE!

WELL, IF THE WORLD BELONGED TO RODENTS, YOU'D BE WEALTHY!

THE RESULTS... 6-3 AGAINST THE GIRLS' REQUEST!



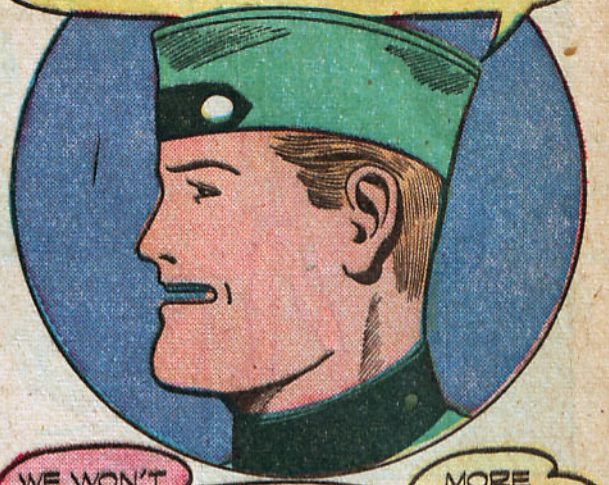
NEXT AFTERNOON, DICK RELUCTANTLY GOES TO CENTERVIEW SEMINARY.



OH, DICK! WE HAVE SOME BEAUTIFUL NEW HORSES FOR THE SHOW!

WELL, UH... THE FACT IS... UH, YOU, ER... SEE...

THE FELLOWS DECIDED TO... UH... TO MAKE THE... UH... HORSE SHOW A STAG SHOW. HA, HA... UH.. ULD!



IT'S AN INSULT, GIRLS!

THAT'S NOT FUNNY, DICK COLE!

WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU MEN? STILL IN THE MIDDLE AGES?

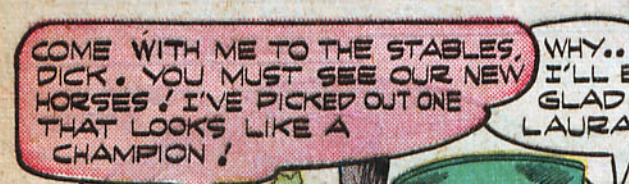
BOOB!

WE WON'T ACCEPT THIS AS FINAL!

WE'LL GO RIGHT AHEAD WITH OUR PRACTICE!

MORE POWER TO YOU, GIRLS. BUT HAVE PITY ON A POOR DEFENSELESS MALE!

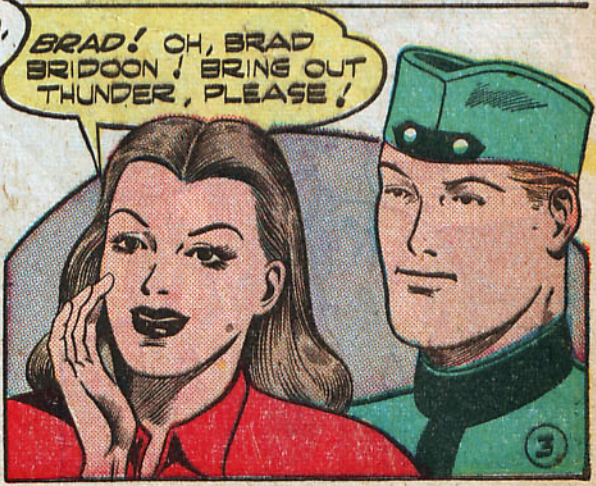
WE'LL MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MINDS!



COME WITH ME TO THE STABLES, DICK. YOU MUST SEE OUR NEW HORSES! I'VE PICKED OUT ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A CHAMPION!

WHY... I'LL BE GLAD TO, LAURA!

GLAD TO ESCAPE FROM THE ANGRY GIRLS, DICK GOES WITH LAURA TO THE NEAR-BY STABLES.

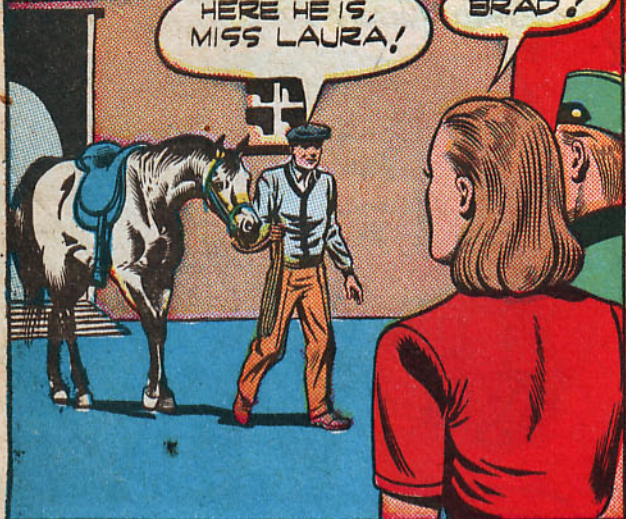


BRAD! OH, BRAD BRIDGON! BRING OUT THUNDER, PLEASE!

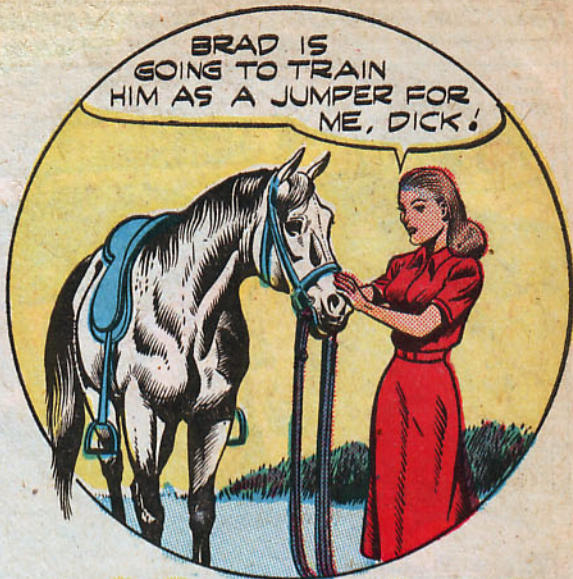
MOMENTS LATER...

HERE HE IS,
MISS LAURA!

THANKS,
BRAD!

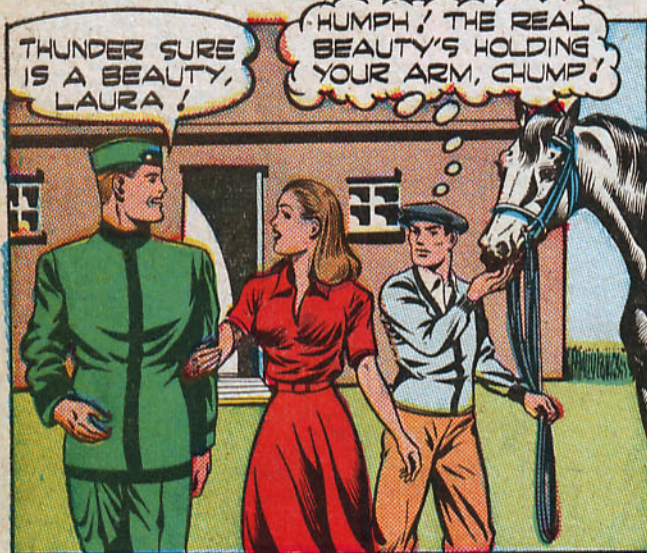


BRAD IS
GOING TO TRAIN
HIM AS A JUMPER FOR
ME, DICK!



THUNDER SURE
IS A BEAUTY,
LAURA!

HUMPH! THE REAL
BEAUTY'S HOLDING
YOUR ARM, CHUMP!



THAT LAURA IS A CLASSY FILLY,
BUT SHE NEVER GIVES ME A
TUMBLE... JUST 'CAUSE I'M A
STABLE HAND!



**BRAD SWINGS INTO THUNDER'S
SADDLE.**

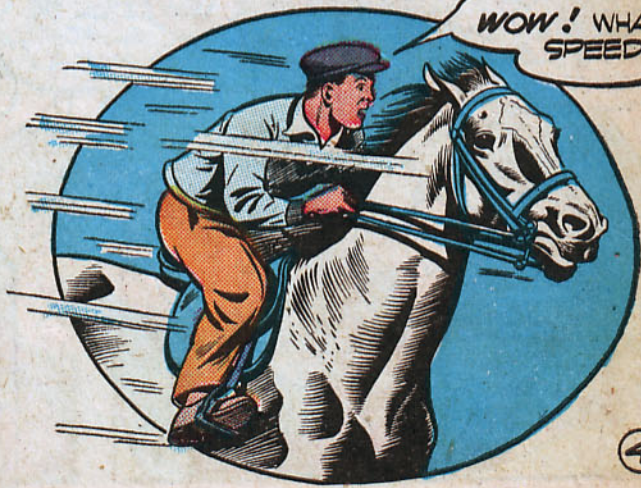
BUT I'LL CHANGE
ALL THAT, TOO
SOMEHOW!

C'MON,
THUNDER,
SHOW YER
STUFF!



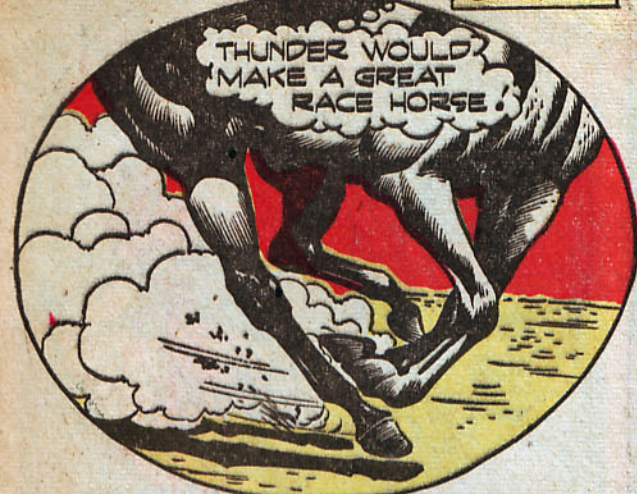
**THUNDER RESPONDS AND BRIDDOON GETS
A SURPRISE!**

WOW! WHAT
SPEED!



A No. 1. Bridoon! Add "ga", after "i" to get Brigadoon, a modern play now in N. Y.

THUNDER EATS UP THE ROAD IN SWIFT STRIDES.



H'M-M... THAT MEANS HE'S WORTH PLENTY OF DOUGH, AND I'M IN THE SPOT TO CASH IN!



BRAD CHECKS THE HEADLONG SPEED, TURNS AND HEADS FOR HOME.

BUT I'LL RISK. NO SHADY DEAL TILL I TRY MAKIN' SOME TIME WITH LAURA.



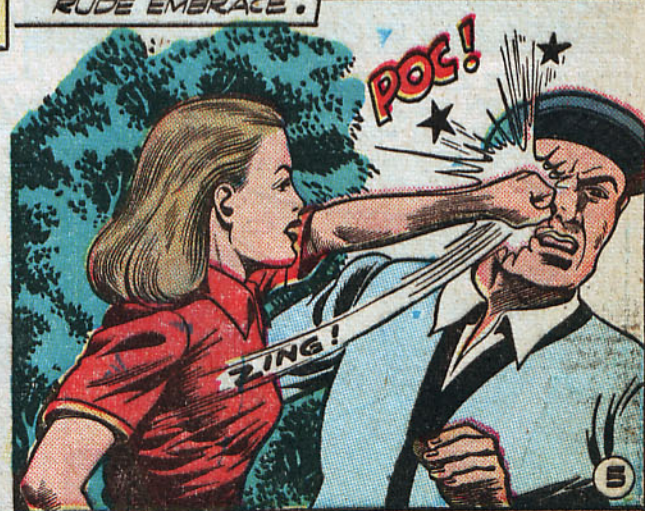
THE NEXT DAY, NEAR THE STABLES...

OH BOY! THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY! HERE COMES LAURA... ALONE!

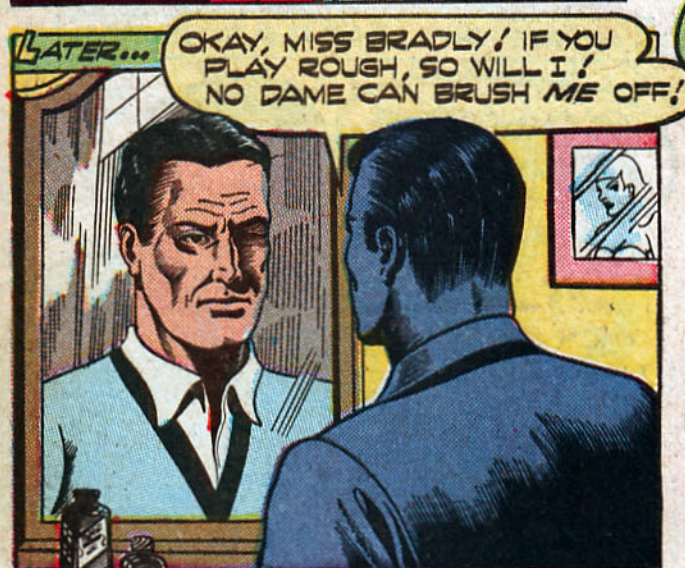
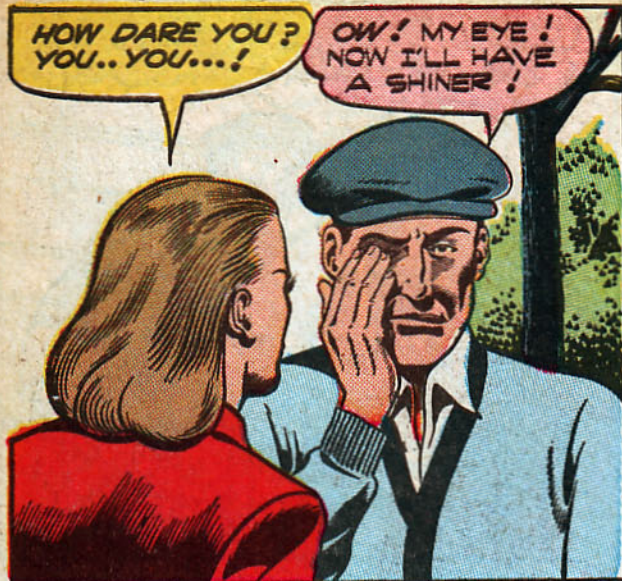


LAURA ROUNDS THE END OF THE STABLES AND...

FRANTIC, LAURA BREAKS FROM THE RUDE EMBRACE.



Q No. 2. Why is thunder heard after lightning is seen striking the ground?



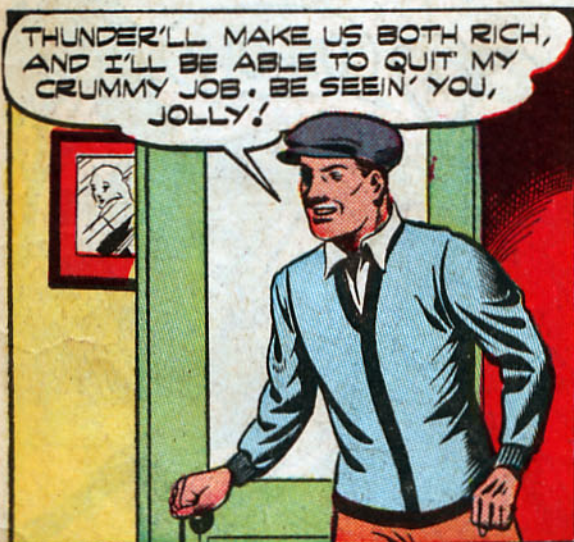


OKAY, I'LL SEND SOME OF MY BOYS WITH A VAN TO PICK THE HORSE UP NEAR THE CROSSROADS, TOMORROW.



YOU BE THERE AT TWO SHARP WITH THUNDER. MY MEN WILL FAKE A HOLDUP, SO YOU'LL BE IN THE CLEAR.

SWELL, JOLLY! SHAKE.



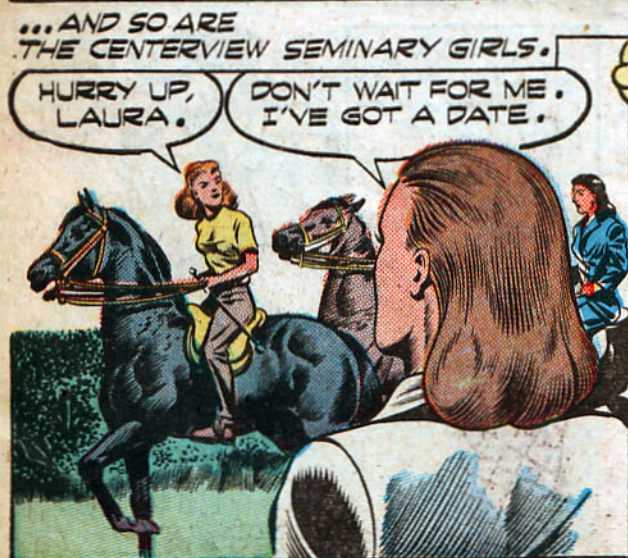
THUNDER'LL MAKE US BOTH RICH, AND I'LL BE ABLE TO QUIT MY CRUMMY JOB. BE SEEIN' YOU, JOLLY!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, FARR HORSEMEN ARE OUT FOR A CANTER.



COMING, DICK?

NO, GO AHEAD, SIMBA. I'M GOING TO MEET LAURA OVER AT THE SEMINARY.



...AND SO ARE THE CENTERVIEW SEMINARY GIRLS.

HURRY UP, LAURA.

DON'T WAIT FOR ME. I'VE GOT A DATE.



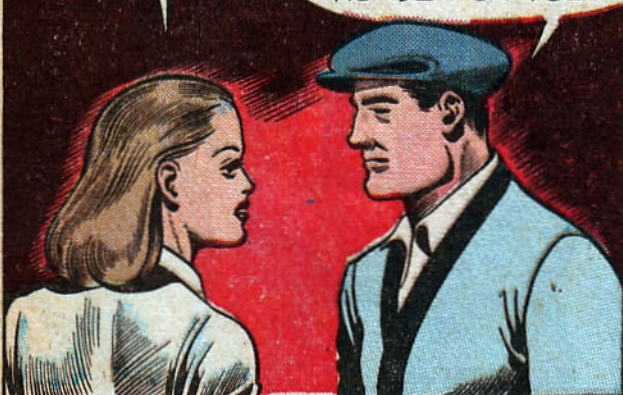
DATE, EH? THAT MAKES MY LITTLE SCHEME ALL THE SWEETER!

Q. What word in picture 4 looks like a misspelling of a well-known comedian's name?

BRAD FOLLOWS LAURA TO THE STABLES.

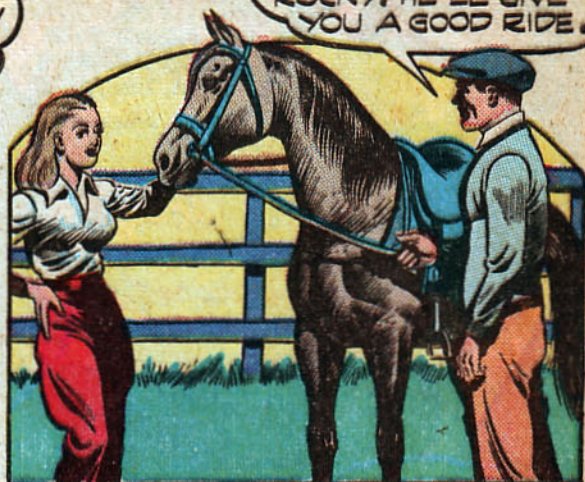
WHERE'S THUNDER,
MR. BRIDOOON?

HE PULLED UP LAME
THIS MORNING, MA'AM!
BUT I GOT A BETTER
HORSE FOR YOU.



MOMENTS
LATER...

HERE HE IS, MISS
LAURA. NAME IS
ROCKY. HE'LL GIVE
YOU A GOOD RIDE!

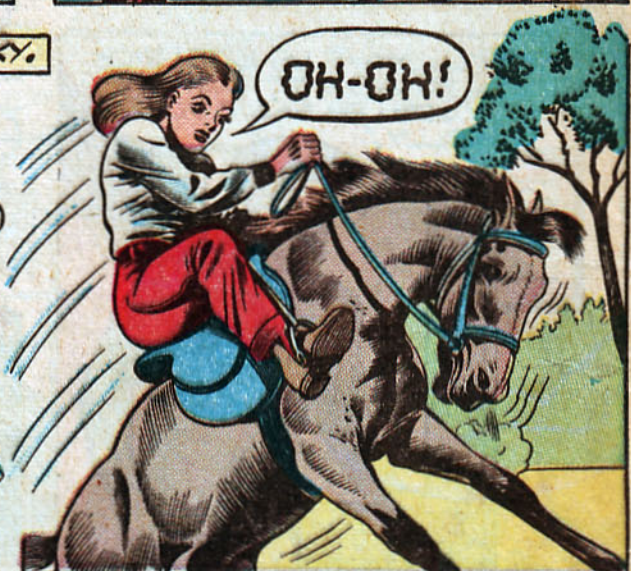


LAURA UNSUSPECTINGLY MOUNTS ROCKY.

ROCKY IS THE
MEANEST PLUG
I'VE EVER
SEEN! HE'LL
BRING THAT
SNOOTY DAME
DOWN TO
EARTH!



OH-OH!

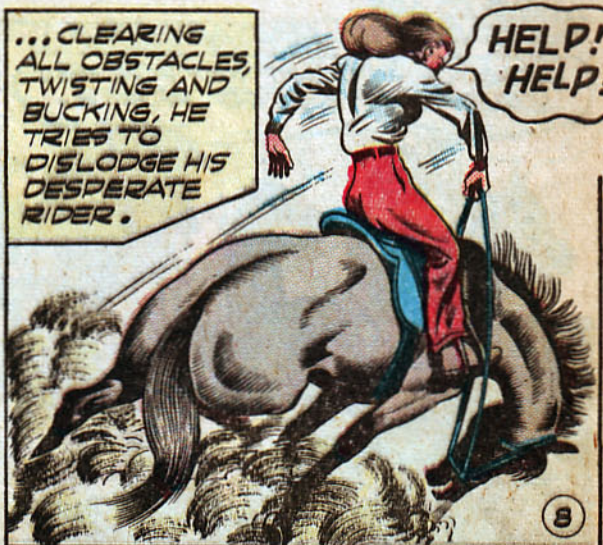


ROCKY, TAKING THE BIT IN HIS TEETH,
DASHES CROSS-COUNTRY.



...CLEARING
ALL OBSTACLES,
TWISTING AND
BUCKING, HE
TRIES TO
DISLODGE HIS
DESPERATE
RIDER.

HELP!
HELP!



AT THIS MOMENT, DICK HEARS LAURA'S CRIES.

DICK ROUNDS A BEND IN THE ROAD JUST AS ROCKY CEASES BUCKING, AND BREAKS HEADLONG INTO A RUN.

THAT'S TROUBLE, SINBAD! LET'S GO!



HELP!

IT'S LAURA! HOLD ON! I'M COMING! GET GOING, SINBAD! GIVE!



FLEET SINBAD SOON OVERTAKES ROCKY, AND DICK SWEEPS LAURA FROM HER SADDLE.

OH, DICK, (SOB) I'M SO GLAD YOU HEARD ME!

DICK REINS SINBAD TO A STOP.

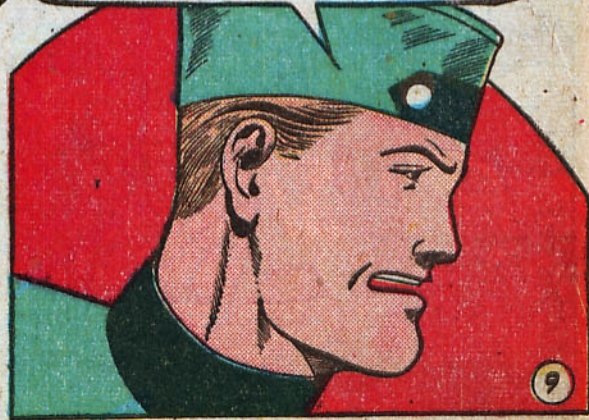
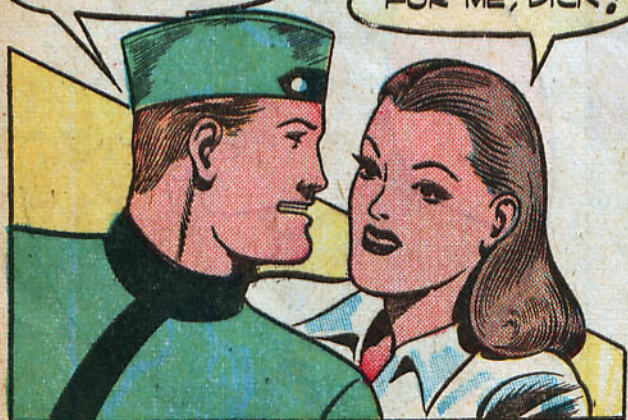
I COULDN'T HAVE STAYED ON THAT BEAST MUCH LONGER!



HOW COME YOU WERE RIDING A KILLER LIKE THAT, LAURA?

WHY, THUNDER WAS LAME AND BRAD BRIDDOON SAID HE WAS JUST THE HORSE FOR ME, DICK!

WHAT? THAT HORSE COULD HAVE KILLED YOU! BRIDDOON WILL HAVE TO ANSWER TO ME WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE STABLE!



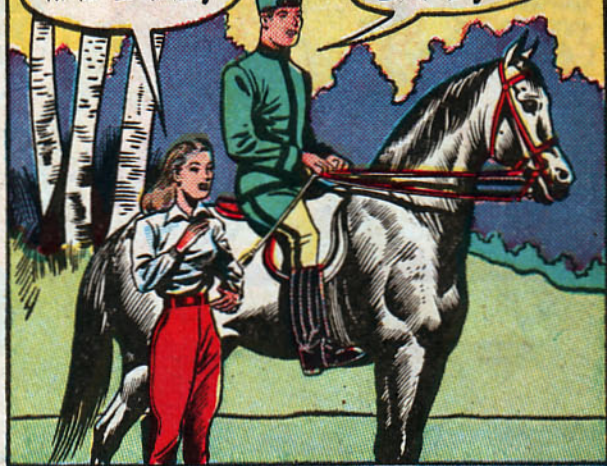
Q No. 4. What part of the saddle fills in this remark? It's a _____ that Laura likes Dick.

BUT, AS DICK AND LAURA APPROACH THE STABLES, THEY SEE ...

WE'VE GOT A DATE AT THE CROSSROADS, THUNDER. GID-DAP!

THAT'S QUEER! BRAD SAID THUNDER WAS LAME!

HUMPH! SURE LOOKS OKAY NOW, I'M GOING AFTER BRAD!



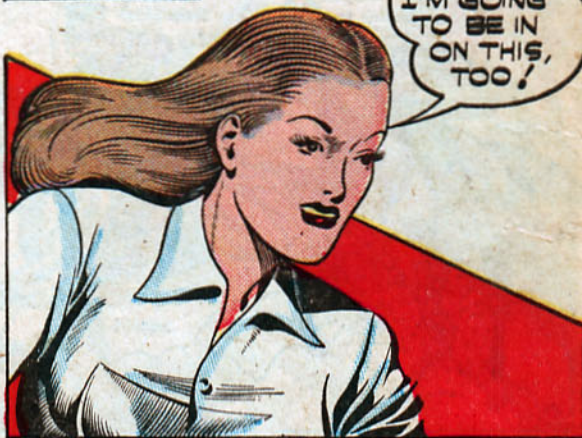
THAT GUY'S GOING TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!

DON'T THINK I'LL BE SITTING BY THE FIRESIDE TILL YOU GET BACK, MR. COLE!



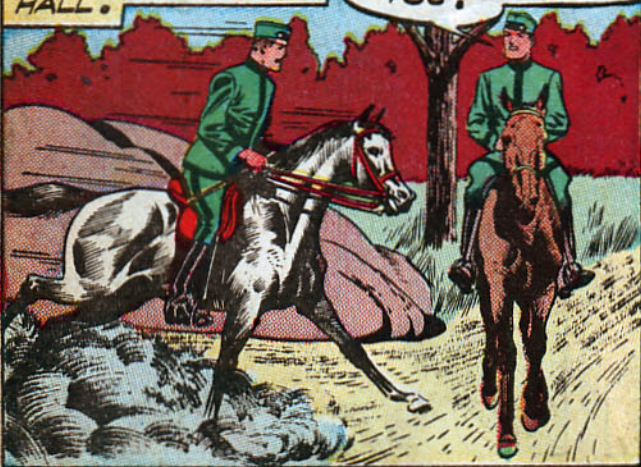
AS DICK GALLOPS OFF, LAURA DASHES FOR THE STABLES ... AND A HORSE.

I'M GOING TO BE IN ON THIS, TOO!



RIDING AFTER BRAD, DICK PASSES BARK HALL.

WHAT'S THE RUSH? THE GIRLS-CHASING YOU?



HUH! COLE'S IN A MIGHTY BIG HURRY... I'LL JUST TAG ALONG TO SEE WHAT'S COOKIN'!



BRAD, NEARING THE CROSSROADS, GLANCES BACK.

HUH! SO COLE AND ANOTHER CADET ARE TAILING ME! THAT'S FINE!



JOLLY ROGERS'S MEN ARE WAITING WITH A HORSE VAN.

MAKE IT LOOK GOOD, GUYS. I'M BEING FOLLOWED BY TWO CADETS. IF THEY TRY ANYTHING, SMEAR 'EM UP!



SECONDS LATER, DICK COMES ON THE SCENE.



GOSH! THOSE MEN ARE PULLING BRIDDOON FROM HIS HORSE! IT MUST BE A HOLDUP!

I'M WITH YOU, COLE!



HEY, YOU! KEEP OUT OF THIS!

LEAVE THAT HORSE ALONE!

SOCK HIM, PETE! SOCK 'IM QUICK!

DICK, STRUCK FROM BEHIND, TOPPLES FROM SINBAD, AS BARK IS DRAGGED FROM HIS HORSE.



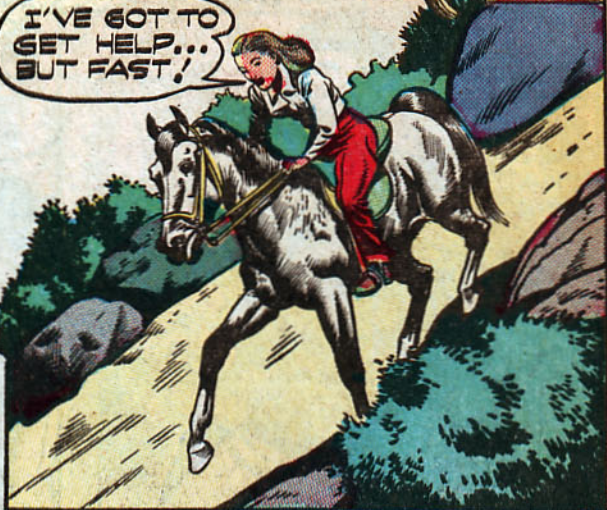
BARK SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, ONLY TO BE STRUCK DOWN BY BRAD.



MEANWHILE, LAURA REACHES A HIGH HILL AND SEES DICK AND BARK BEING BEATEN UP!



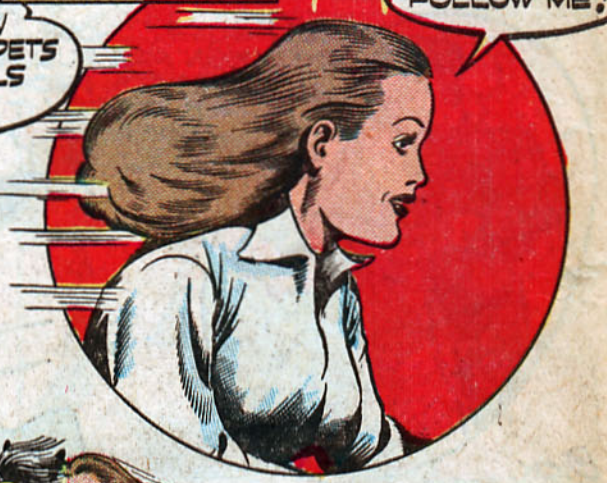
LAURA URGES HER HORSE DOWN THE HILL.



RACING FOR AID, LAURA MEETS A GROUP OF HER SCHOOLMATES.



LAURA WHEELS HER HORSE.



A FEW MINUTES LATER, LAURA LEADS THE GIRLS IN A BREAKNECK CHARGE, TO RESCUE DICK AND BARK FROM JOLLY ROGERS' THUGS.



ULP! LOOK WOT'S COMIN'! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE! RUN FOR YER LIVES!



TAKE THAT, YOU BEAST!



THE THUGS WILT BEFORE THE THUNDERING CHARGE!

YIPE! WHO SAID WIMMEN ARE THE WEAKER SEX?



BRIDDOON MAKES A BREAK FOR IT, BUT...

WAIT UP, BRIDDOON!



DICK CATCHES UP WITH BRIDDOON, SWINGS HIM ABOUT, AND...

THAT BLACK EYE LOOKS LONELY... HERE'S ANOTHER TO KEEP IT COMPANY!

SOC!



MEANWHILE, THE THUGS HAVE TAKEN TO THE WOODS.

CHEE! WAIT TILL JOLLY HEARS WE WUZ STYMIED BY SCHOOL GOILS!

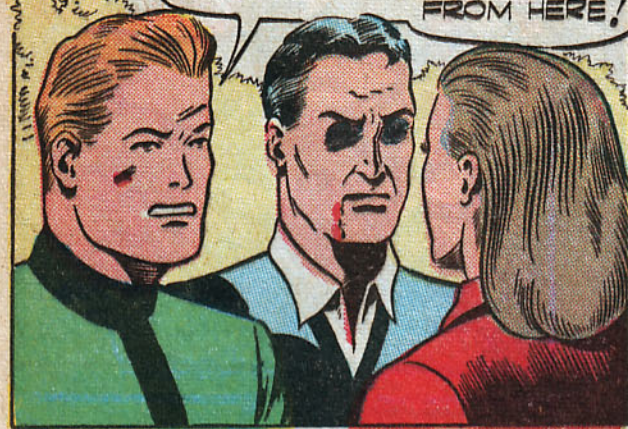
C'MON! AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL I HIT TOWN! THEM DAMES! WOW!



Q No. 6. In golf, what does the word "stymie" mean?

LATER...

BRIDDOON WAS IN CAHOOTS WITH THOSE THUGS TO STEAL THUNDER AND SELL HIM AS A RACE HORSE. THE POLICE CAN TAKE OVER FROM HERE!



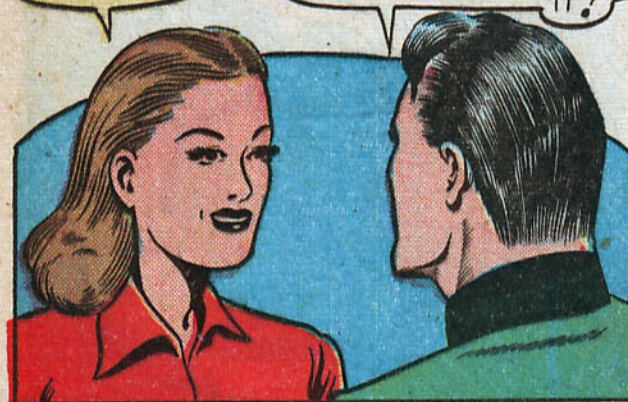
TAKE OVER WHAT? THOSE DAMES TOOK CARE OF EVERYTHING!

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!



NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN, BARK!

COLE AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN HOSPITAL CASES BUT FOR YOU AND THE GIRLS, LAURA, AND I WON'T FORGET IT!



AND, AT THE NEXT MEETING OF THE FARR STUDENT COUNCIL...

I MOVE WE RECONSIDER IN VIEW OF OUR HORSE SHOW RECENT DECISION. LET'S GIVE THE GIRLS A BREAK! AHEM... A NEW VOTE'S IN ORDER!



DICK AND BARK CALL ON LAURA AT THE SEMINARY WITH THE NEW DECISION OF THE COUNCIL.

THE COUNCIL REVERSED ITS DECISION 9-0! SO WON'T YOU JOIN US IN THE SHOW?

HURRAH! WE SURE WILL, DICK!

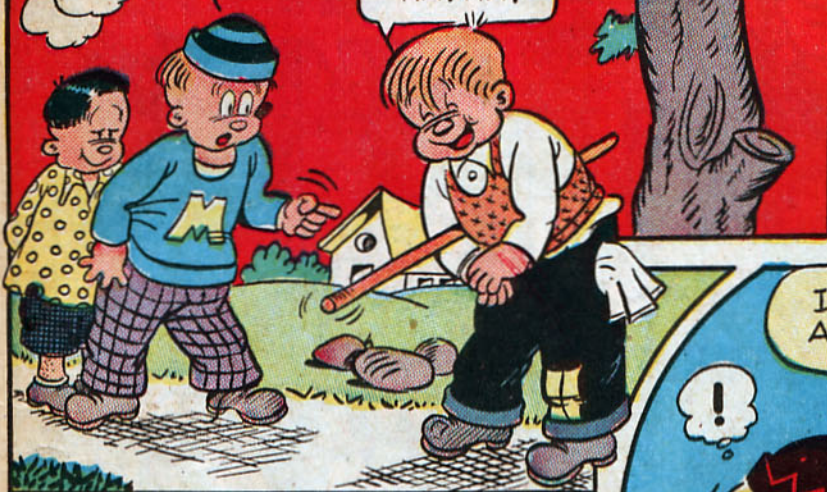


BUT, LAURA, JUST DON'T SHOW US UP TOO BADLY... THAT'S ALL WE ASK, PUH-LEEZ!



G'WAY-NOW HOW CAN
YOUR POP BE A
BARBER IN AN
AMMUNITION FACTORY,
HUH???

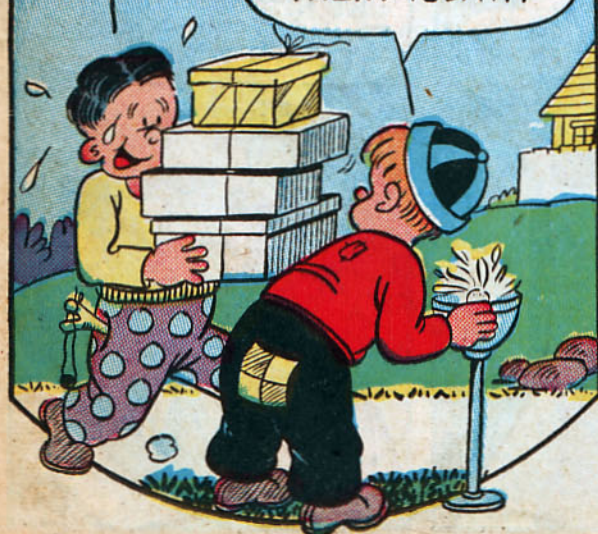
VERY EASILY, BUB-HE
MAKES THE BANGS!!
HA! HA!



MILT BAMMERS

I WAS DOWNTOWN
TODAY SHOPPING
FOR A FRIEND !!!

WHAT ARE THEY
CHARGING FOR
THEM TODAY???



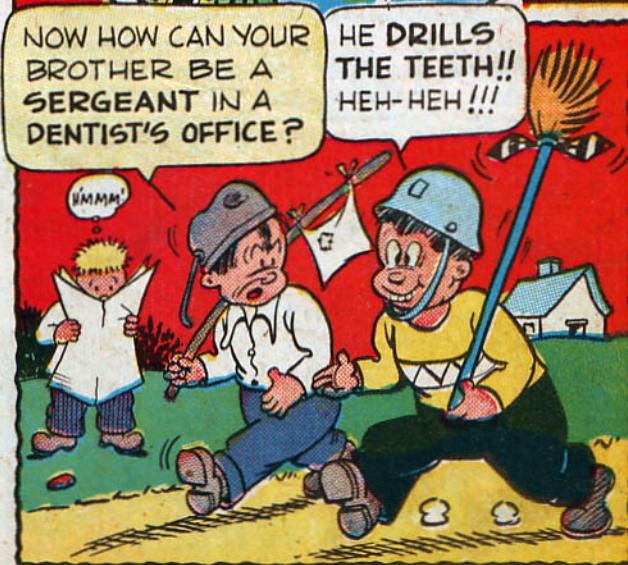
I WAS BORN IN
A HOSPITAL !!!

GEE, WAS YOU
THAT SICK?



NOW HOW CAN YOUR
BROTHER BE A
SERGEANT IN A
DENTIST'S OFFICE?

HE DRILLS
THE TEETH!!
HEH-HEH!!!



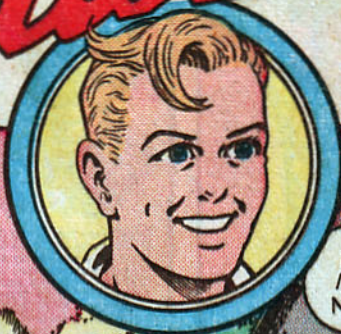
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SEND NO MONEY \$1.95 plus postage and C.O.D. charges when delivered or send \$1.98 and we pay postage.

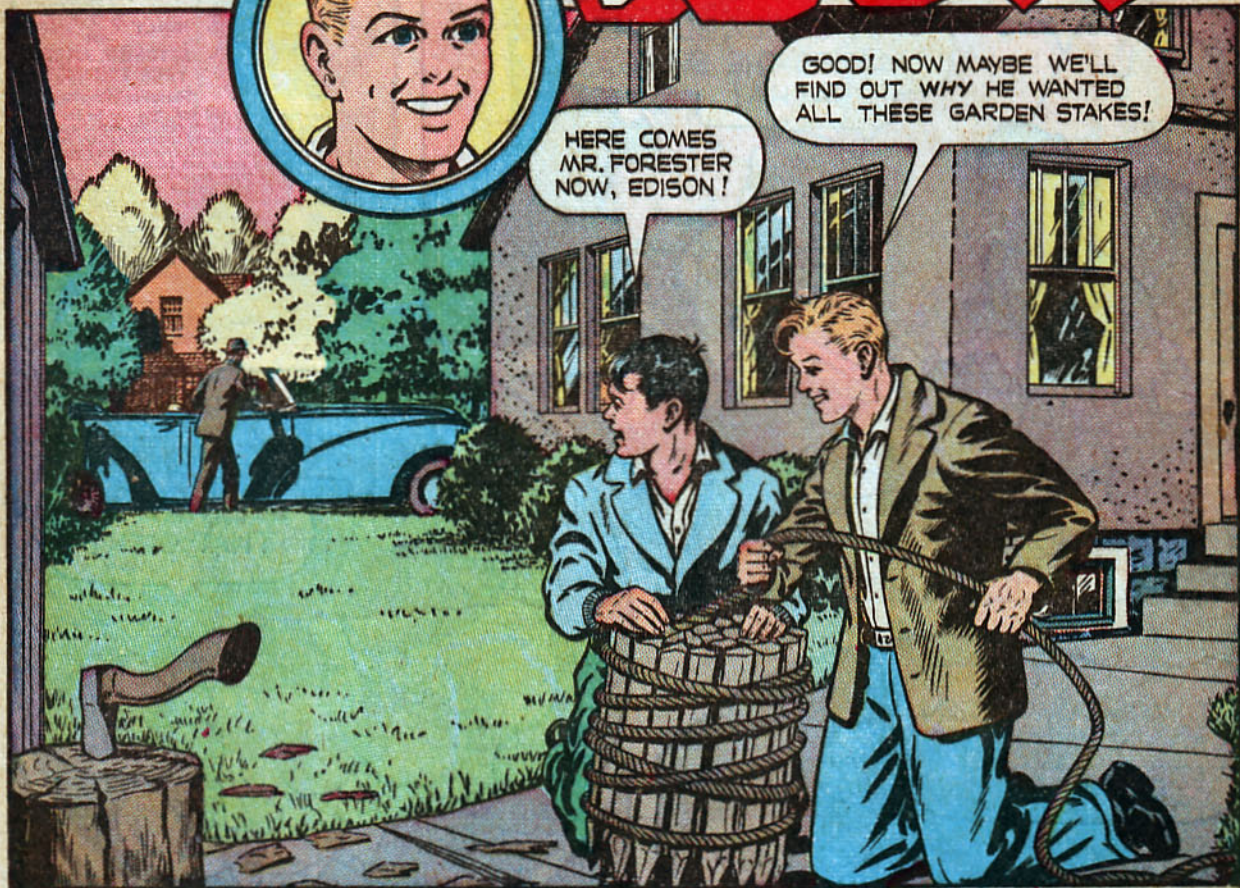
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Edison Bell



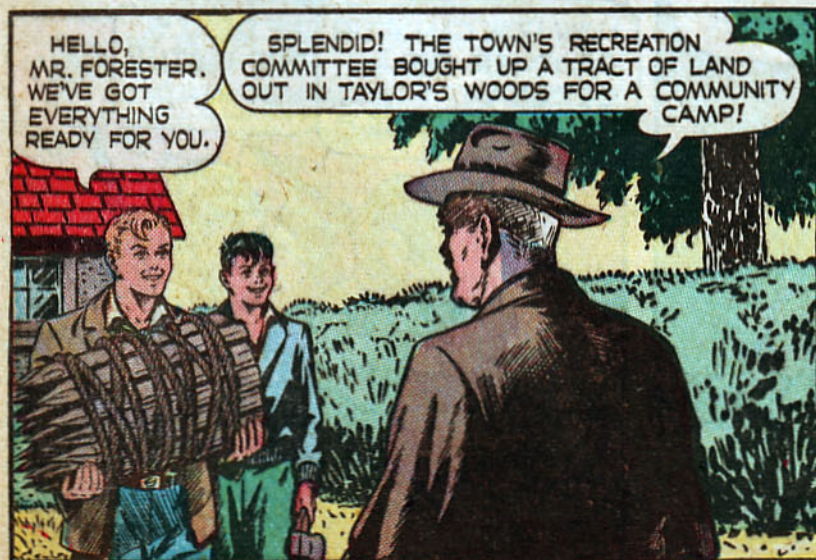
HERE COMES
MR. FORESTER
NOW, EDISON!

GOOD! NOW MAYBE WE'LL
FIND OUT WHY HE WANTED
ALL THESE GARDEN STAKES!



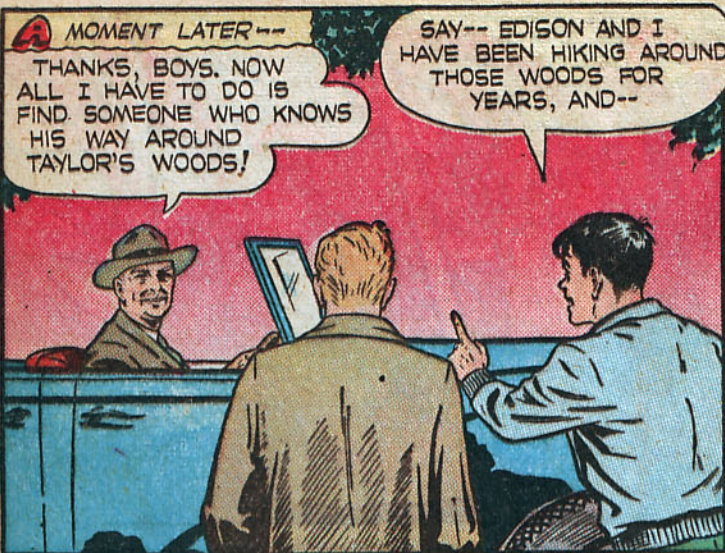
HELLO,
MR. FORESTER.
WE'VE GOT
EVERYTHING
READY FOR YOU.

SPLENDID! THE TOWN'S RECREATION
COMMITTEE BOUGHT UP A TRACT OF LAND
OUT IN TAYLOR'S WOODS FOR A COMMUNITY
CAMP!



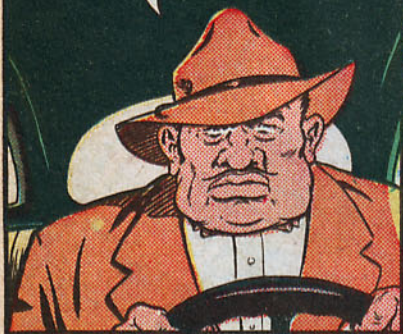
WE NEED THOSE STAKES
TO MARK OFF THE CHOICEST
CAMPING SITE!





INSIDE THE SEDAN---

WELL, WELL-- THAT ROTTEN RECREATION COMMITTEE DIDN'T WASTE MUCH TIME! SENT TWO BOY SCOUTS TO CARVE OUT THEIR CAMP, EH?

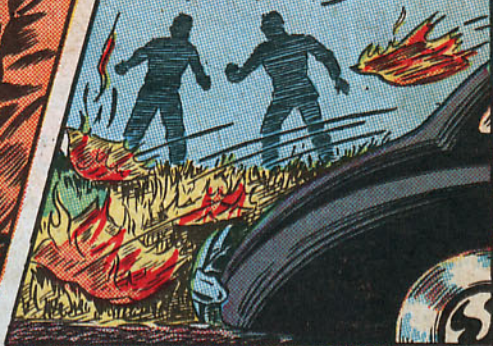


A LITTLE BRUSH FIRE'LL **BURN** UP OLD MAN FORESTER GOOD AND PLENTY! HAW!



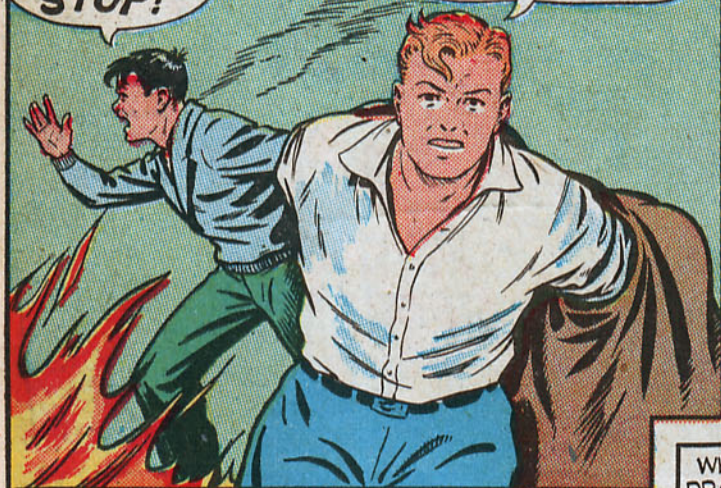
THAT DRIVER TOSSED SOMETHING OUT INTO THE GRASS, EDISON!

IT'S A BLAZING NEWS-PAPER!



HEY, YOU---
STOP!

NEVER MIND HIM, JERRY! GET AFTER THAT BURNING GRASS!

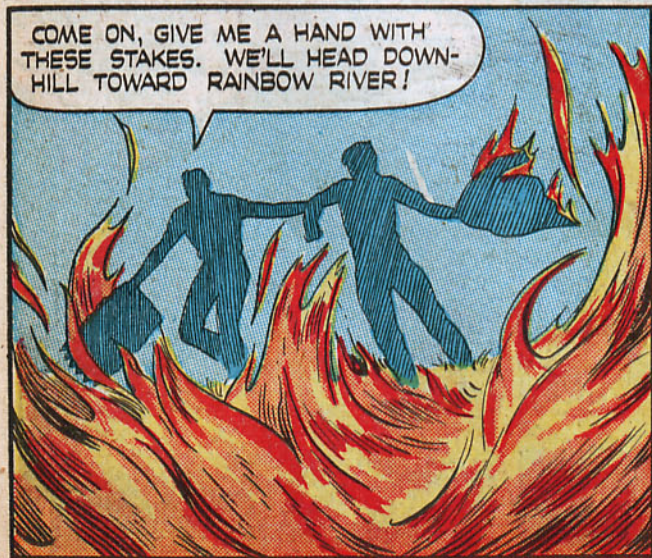


SOON IT'S NO USE-- CAN'T CONTROL IT!

W-WE'RE CUT OFF FROM THE TRAIL ROAD, EDISON.



COME ON, GIVE ME A HAND WITH THESE STAKES. WE'LL HEAD DOWN-HILL TOWARD RAINBOW RIVER!



WHAT ARE WE DRAGGING THIS EXCESS BAGGAGE FOR?

YOU'LL SEE! STEP ON IT! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE RIVER BEFORE THAT INFERNO GETS US!



A No. 7. It is a woody, treelike grass of the genus *Bambusa*.



MADE IT!



H-HOW'LL WE
STAY AFLOAT
IN THOSE
RAPIDS?

THIS BUNDLE
OF STAKES WILL
ACT AS A BUOY!
ALL SET?



CRAAA-AASH

WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

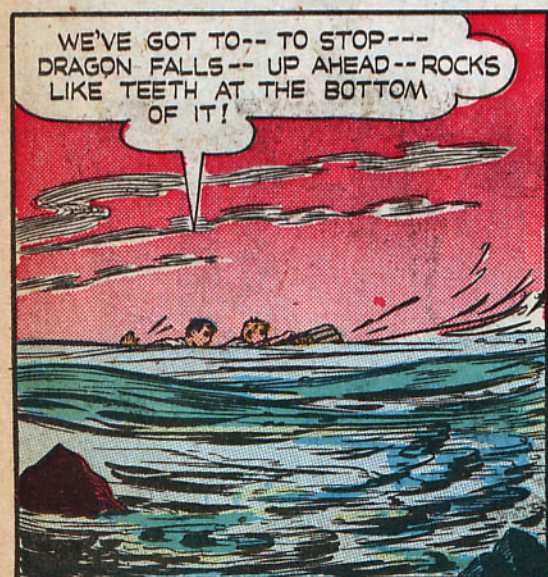


A FEW MINUTES LATER---

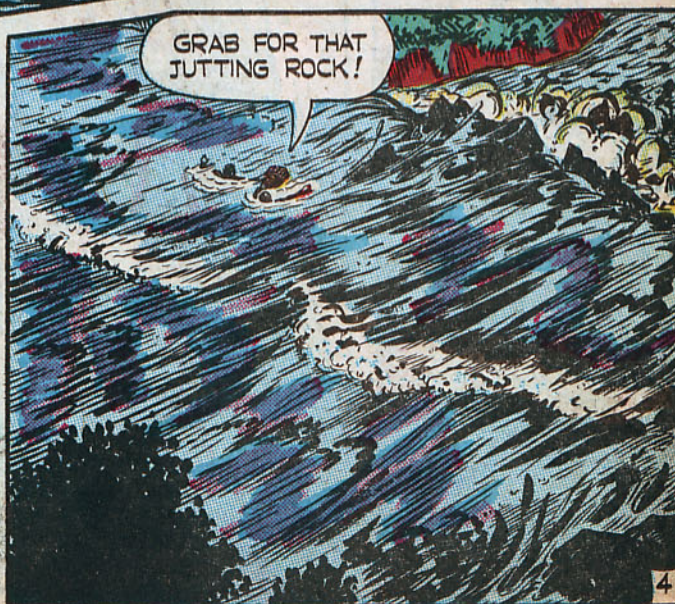
WE'RE SAFE FROM THE FIRE
NOW! LET'S TRY TO HEAD FOR
SHORE!



BUT THE RAGING RIVER KEEPS THE
BOYS IN MIDSTREAM -- HURLING
THEM STRAIGHT TOWARD THE
DREADED DRAGON FALLS---



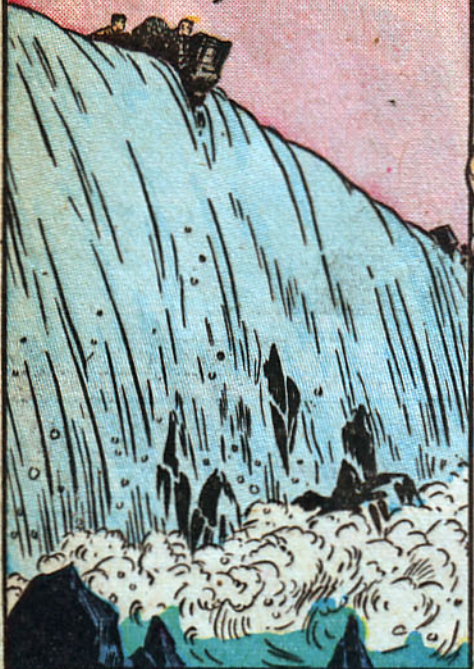
WE'VE GOT TO-- TO STOP---
DRAGON FALLS-- UP AHEAD--ROCKS
LIKE TEETH AT THE BOTTOM
OF IT!



GRAB FOR THAT
JUTTING ROCK!

MADE IT!

BUT WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER! IF WE TRY TO HEAD FOR SHORE, OVER WE GO!



HOLD IT--THE STAKES AND ROPE! THAT'S OUR ANSWER!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, EDISON?

WE'RE GOING TO RIG UP A JACOB'S LADDER, AND CLIMB DOWN OVER THE FALLS!



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, THE NIMBLE FINGERS OF EDISON BELL RELAX.

THERE SHE GOES!



I'VE HEARD OF MEN GOING OVER THE FALLS IN A BARREL, BUT THIS IS A NEW APPROACH!

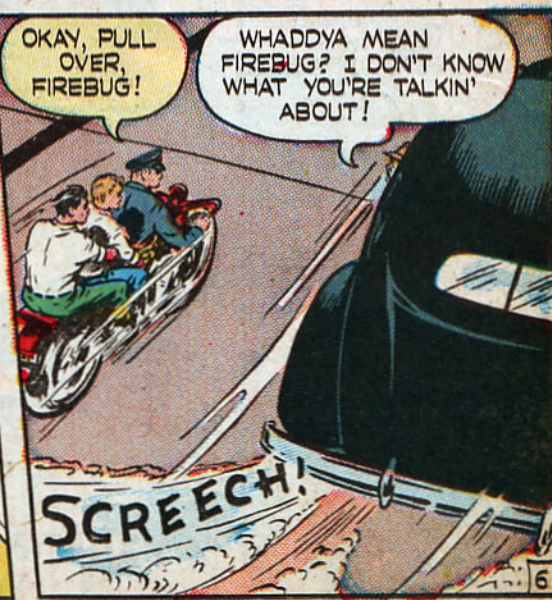
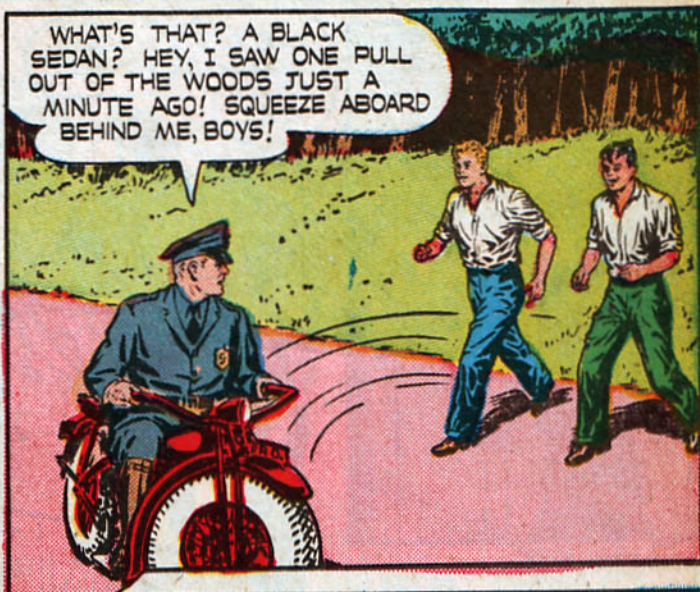
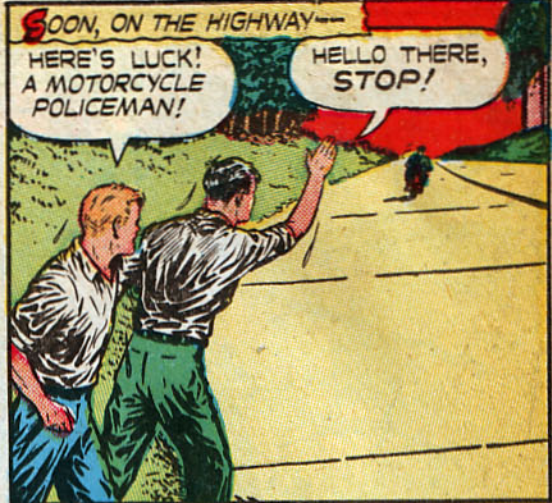
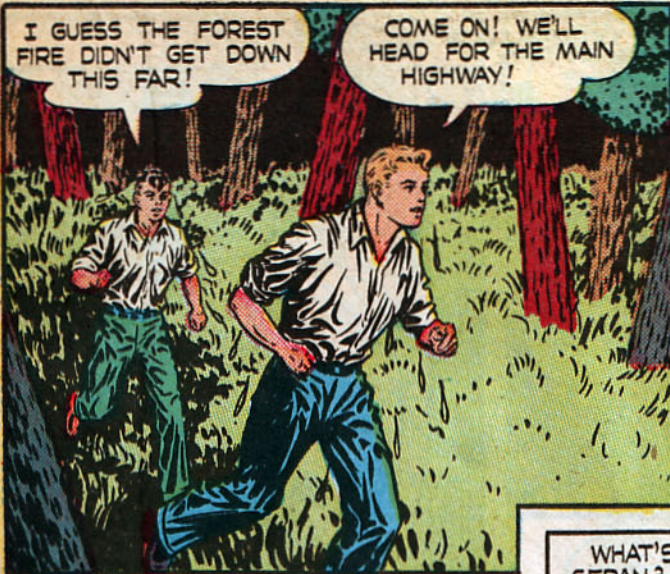


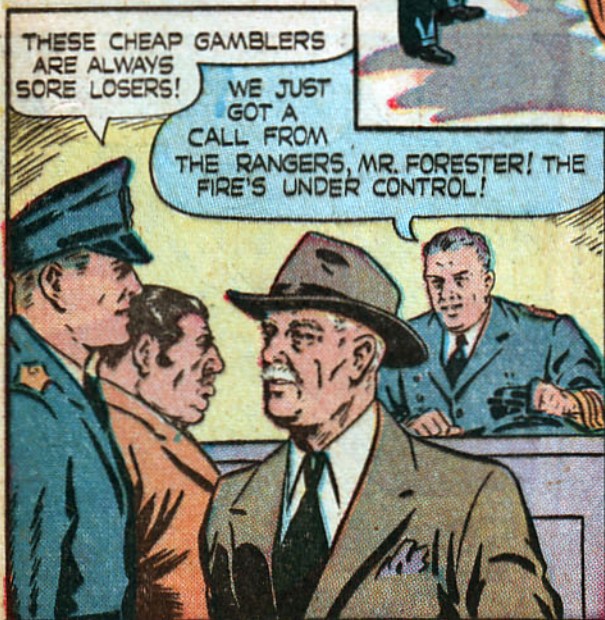
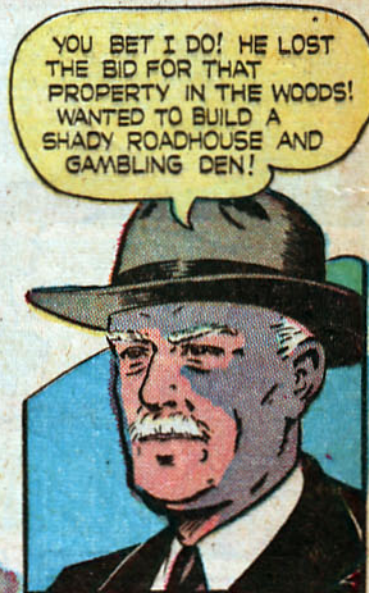
SOON-- WE CAN USE THESE ROCKS AS STEPPING STONES TO SHORE!

HMMM --- THESE SAME ROCKS ALMOST SERVED AS TOMBSTONES!



A No. 8. The Nile flows from Lake Victoria north through Sudan, Egypt into the Mediterranean.





HERE'S HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN JACOB'S

ROPE

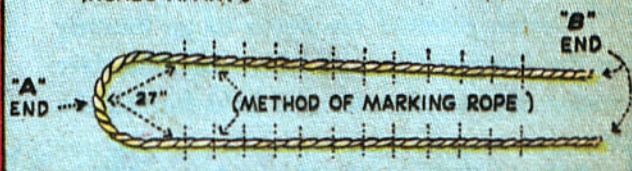
LADDER

1. TO MAKE THIS STURDY AND EASILY PORTABLE 12-FOOT LONG ROPE LADDER, ALL YOU NEED ARE THE FOLLOWING MATERIALS:

- 47 FEET OF FOUR-STRANDED HEMP ROPE... IN ONE PIECE.
- 12 STRIPS OF WOOD, 2 INCHES SQUARE AND 18 INCHES LONG.
- OR, 12 LENGTHS OF WOOD FROM OLD BROOM HANDLES, ALSO 18 INCHES LONG.

By Harry Lazarus

2. FOLD ROPE IN HALF AND BEGINNING AT THE LOOPED END "A", MARK OFF, WITH A CRAYON, THE SPACINGS FOR THE RUNGS. FROM "A" TO THE FIRST RUNG SHOULD BE 27 INCHES AND FROM THERE ON THE MARKS SHOULD BE 18 INCHES APART.



3. THE STRIPS OF WOOD ARE THE RUNGS AND SHOULD BE PREPARED BY CUTTING A GROOVE 1 1/2 INCHES FROM EACH END OF THE RUNG...



4. TO FASTEN EACH RUNG TO THE ROPE YOU USE THE CONSTRUCTOR KNOT EXPLAINED IN THE FOLLOWING ILLUSTRATIONS. STARTING WITH END "A", FASTEN BOTH ENDS OF EACH RUNG AT PLACES MARKED AND THEN PROCEED TO NEXT ONES AT PLACES MARKED ON ROPE.

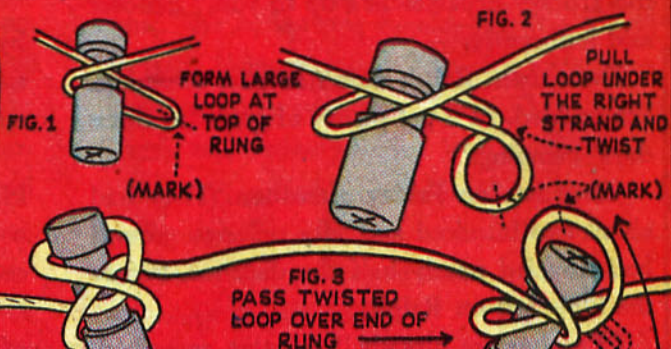
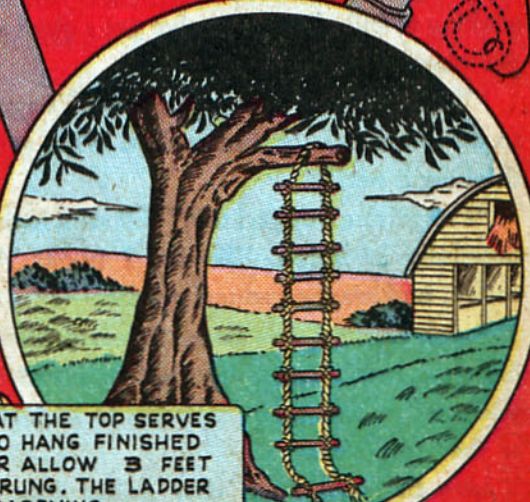


FIG. 4
KNOT AS IT APPEARS BEFORE ENDS ARE PULLED TIGHT

FIG. 5
KNOT WHEN PULLED TIGHT

5. THE FOUR FEET OF ROPE AT THE TOP SERVES AS A HOOK FROM WHICH TO HANG FINISHED LADDER. FOR A LONGER LADDER ALLOW 3 FEET OF ROPE FOR EACH ADDITIONAL RUNG. THE LADDER CAN BE ROLLED UP FOR EASY CARRYING.





SCOOTER TOWNS, Bill Ames, and Ralph Cotton planned for weeks to go hunting in the Oregon Cascades when the mule-deer season opened. Scooter said he'd furnish the transportation with his model A.

Bill said, "I'll get the rifles and ammunition. Dad's got several secondhand 30-30's in the store he's not fussy about." Bill's father owned a combination sporting goods-hardware store.

Scooter and Bill looked at Ralph. "Guess the grocery department's up to you," Scooter said innocently.

Even then, Ralph didn't suspect anything. He nodded. "I'll get plenty of grub for three days' camping."

They left on Friday afternoon. They had about two hundred and fifty miles to go and had traveled nearly half the distance, before the blow fell on Ralph.

"I'm hungry already," Scooter remarked, winking at Bill. "Hope you've got a good supper planned, Ralph."

"Who—? Me?" Ralph protested. "I agreed to *furnish* the chuck, not cook it. What you're thinking is out!"

"I'm getting hungry, too," Bill said, looking hopefully at Ralph. "Steaks, I hope? And coffee, and maybe canned peaches—?"

Ralph began a slow burn. It wasn't that he hated to cook. The thing that bothered him was the fact that camp cook has to stick close to the camp site.

Late that afternoon they pulled into the camp site on a little peninsula that jutted out into Clear Lake. It was a quiet place of wild beauty.

Ralph said sourly, "Bet there's a million ants and mosquitoes to chaw on a guy."

Bill and Scooter grinned. "Don't take it so hard, Cookie," Bill soothed.

For supper Ralph served canned beans, canned corn, bread and butter, and canned peaches. Scooter and Bill were pointedly polite to him through the meal. "A cook has some prestige," Ralph thought with a small glow of pride at his accomplishment.

That first morning, after breakfast prepared by a surly Ralph, Scooter turned to Bill and said offhandedly, "I like my coffee kinda strong, don't you, Bill?"

Ralph could take a hint when he wanted to. He realized he'd forgotten to make breakfast coffee. But they'd trapped him into being cookie, hadn't they? Well, let them suffer!

The western hunting-camp cook has the job of straightening up camp. Then he has to stick close to guard the supplies against bears, wolverines, and other camp marauders. That was what Ralph objected to. There wasn't much he could do about it. He'd been voted cookie by a two-to-one majority. Such are the hardships of a democratic friendship.

As he was leaving camp, Bill said, "Better bake bread today, hadn't you, Cookie? We used the last of that store-bought stuff for sandwiches." Then, smiling blandly, he and Scooter were off to the hunt.

Ralph glared. "So—they expect me to bake bread and with no oven, only a campfire, if you please!" he thought desperately. He had to be a good sport, though, and give it a try . . .

Ralph was hard at work when he heard a

noise behind him. He glanced around and stared at his visitor, an old man with an impressive set of bushy whiskers. He was laughing at the sight of a young man with flour and dough plastered from fingertips to elbows. There was a generous amount of white smears on Ralph's face, too.

"Troubles, Bub?" the old-timer asked.

Ralph knew the old man expected no reply, for he had seen the results. It was a soggy mess Ralph had baked in the frying pan, a kind of giant hot-cake. It hadn't been a success.

Whiskers explained he was the region's game warden. He'd come over to have a look at the new campers—he'd seen smoke from their fire.

"Let's see if I can give you a hand at that," he offered.

Whiskers showed Ralph how it should be done. He emptied the contents of the two-pound coffee can into a paper bag and retrieved two empty milk cans that had been thrown away. He punched holes in the center of the tops and bottoms of all three cans. Ralph, mystified, watched. Whiskers removed the labels from the milk tins, washed, and then greased them. He rolled some of Ralph's biscuit dough onto them about one-half inch thick. He finished the job by inserting the milk tins end to end in the coffee can, slid a wire through the center holes of all three cans, put on the large can's top, then shaped one end of the wire shaft into a crank handle. The wire was stout enough to support the weight of the tins and dough when it was placed over the fire, the wire resting on forked sticks. When the outfit was set up over the campfire, it worked something like a barbecue.

Every minute or two, Whiskers gave the crank handle a turn, shifting the surface of the large can that was closest to the fire. Fifteen minutes after the makeshift oven went on the fire, it was off. The bread was golden brown and fluffy. Ralph could hardly believe his eyes.

"Meat, now, an' you're fixed," Whiskers said. "Them two jump dogs of yours should be runnin' a buck down this-a-way before long. Let's go."

"We haven't any jump dogs," Ralph protested, knowing it's against the law to hunt deer with dogs.

"Your pards are what I meant," the old-timer said, grinning. "They'll be scaring a mule-buck down that canyon yonder, or I miss my guess. We'll wait till he comes by."

Ralph liked the idea of Bill and Scooter sweating, acting as jump dogs to run a buck his way. Whiskers seemed to know what he was about. Ralph grabbed his rifle and followed the old man.

Long shadows were creeping over the lake when Bill and Scooter dragged into camp, empty-handed. Ralph was whistling a cheerful tune. The coffee pot chuckled to itself while the large frying pan sizzled an accompaniment. The satisfying aroma of frying meat, fresh bread, and coffee mingled with the piny air.

Scooter sniffed experimentally, shook his head, and sniffed again. Bill and Scooter's eyes met. The two leaped at the frying pan and swept the lid aside.

Ralph tried to act nonchalant. "We've got venison steak for supper," he announced calmly. Then they knew Ralph, the cookie, had bagged a mule-deer!

They couldn't help but notice the contrast. Ralph was fresh as a daisy, clean, well-fed; they were tired, hungry, had blistered feet—and no deer.

"I wanna be cookie!" Scooter gulped. "Let me cook tomorrow, huh, pal?"

"Hey, what about me? It's *my* turn next!" Bill said.

Ralph had the last word, "Yeah, I'll let you guys cook—next year!"

THE END

CAMPFIRE OVEN

1. THE MATERIALS NEEDED TO BUILD THIS PRACTICAL OVEN ARE:

- ONE EMPTY COFFEE CAN, WITH REMOVABLE COVER.
- TWO EMPTY CONDENSED MILK TINS.
- ONE 1 INCH SQUARE METAL ROD, 4 FT. LONG.
- TWO FORKED BRANCHES (LENGTH IS DETERMINED BY HEIGHT OF FLAME).

By
Harry
Coyne

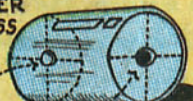
2. HERE'S HOW TO PREPARE THE MATERIALS: FIRST REMOVE LABELS FROM ALL THE CANS AND THEN IN THE MANNER ILLUSTRATED, FIND AND MARK THE EXACT CENTER OF THE TOPS AND BOTTOMS OF EACH CAN.

FIG. 1

TO FIND CENTER
DRAW A CROSS
WITH YOUR
PENCIL

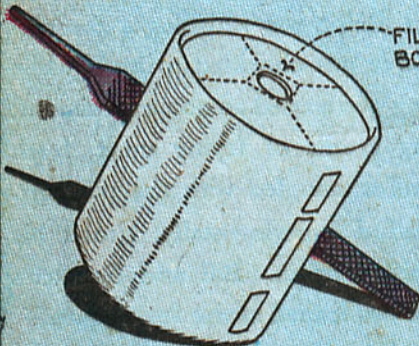
FIG. 2

THEN DRILL $\frac{1}{2}$ INCH HOLES THROUGH BOTH ENDS OF EACH CAN AND THE COVER AND BOTTOM OF THE COFFEE CAN



3. NOW DRAW A $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. SQUARE BOX AROUND THE $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. HOLES AND THEN CUT OUT THE SQUARES WITH EITHER A METAL SHEARS OR FILE.

FILE HOLES SQUARE ON BOTH ENDS OF EACH CAN



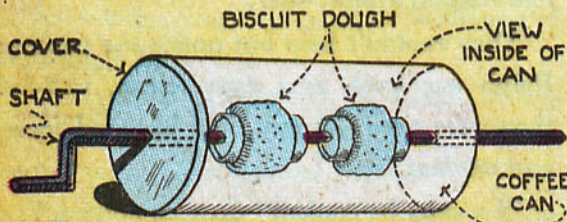
4. THE FOUR FOOT METAL ROD IS THE SHAFT ON WHICH THE CANS ARE LATER ASSEMBLED; FORM A HANDLE ON SHAFT BY BENDING IT SIX INCHES FROM ONE END, AS ILLUSTRATED:

MAKE FIRST BEND HERE

3 INCHES

3 INCHES

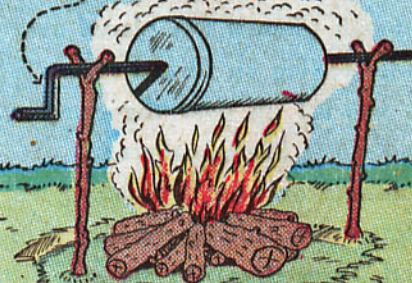
5. WASH CANS THOROUGHLY, RUB COOKING GREASE ON SMALL MILK CANS, AND ROLL $\frac{1}{2}$ IN. THICK LAYER OF PREPARED BISCUIT DOUGH AROUND THEM. THEN ASSEMBLE OVEN AS ILLUSTRATED:



SLIP PARTS ONTO SHAFT IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER: FIRST THE COVER OF THE COFFEE CAN, THEN THE TWO MILK CANS (WITH THE BISCUIT DOUGH ON) AND THEN THE COFFEE CAN WHICH COVERS AND CLOSES THE OVEN.

6. GET A GOOD FIRE GOING AND THEN STAKE TWO FORKED BRANCHES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE FIRE (3 FT. APART) AND LAY THE OVEN ACROSS THE THEM.

TURN HANDLE EVERY FEW MINUTES SO BISCUITS ARE BROWNED EVENLY



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT
MY POP'S TEETH
FALLING OUT WHILE
HE WAS PLAYING
TENNIS??

YEAH- I UNDERSTAND
HE LOST THE WHOLE
SET !!!

TENNIS
MATCH..
HYMIN LOVE
VS.
WATTA RACKET



HOW'S THAT CHERRY TREE
YOU HAVE IN YOUR YARD??

JUST
PEACHY!!



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA
DO WHEN YOU GROW
UP TO BE A BIG
MAN LIKE HIM?

DIET!!!



WHEN I GET
BIG, I'M GONNA
DRIVE A TANK!!

O.K., I WON'T
STAND IN YOUR WAY!!



Sterling Silver

SADDLE RING



Authentic replica of championship
rodeo saddle! Handsomely formed
from solid Sterling Silver by expert
silver craftsmen. Men's, Women's,
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SEND NO MONEY! Just clip ad and mail
with name, address, ring size and style. Pay post-
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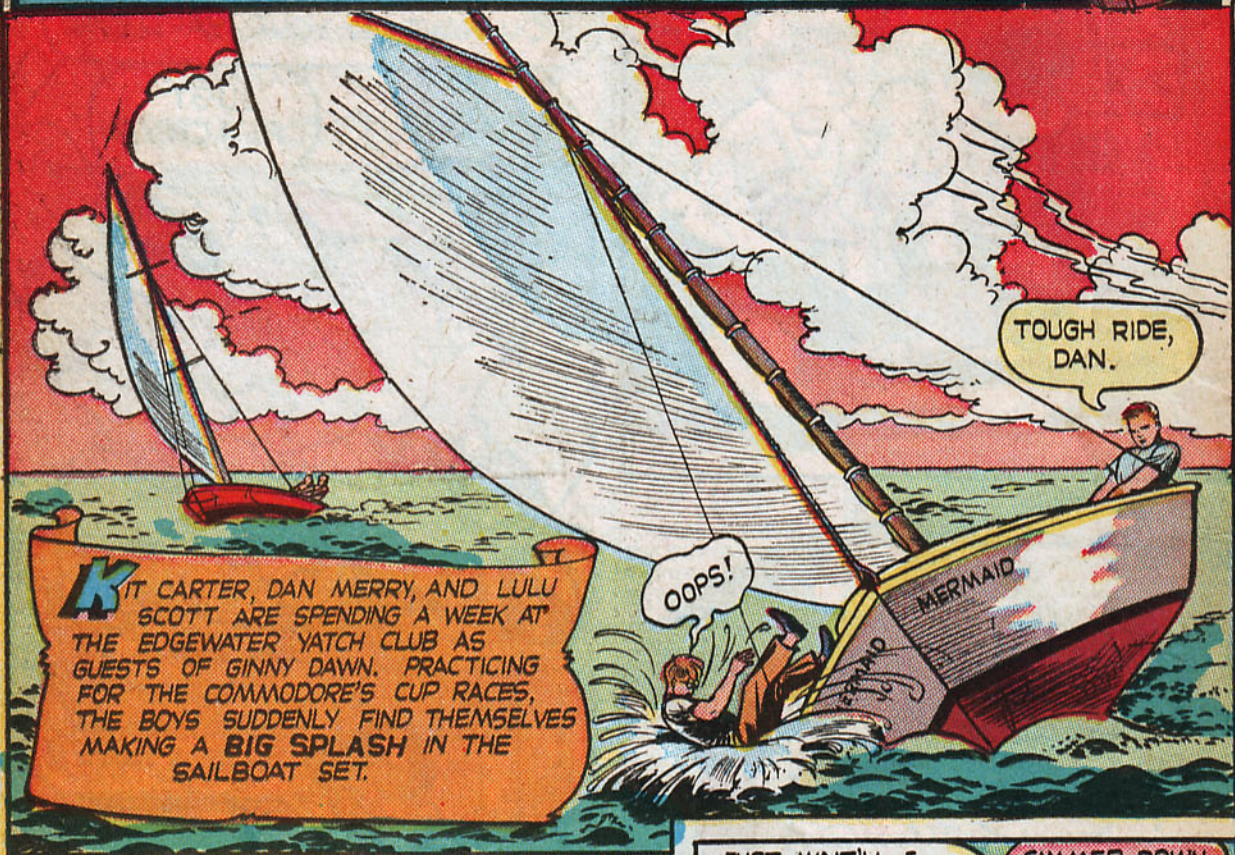
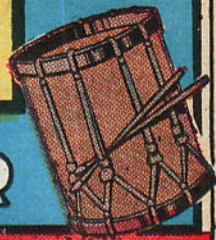
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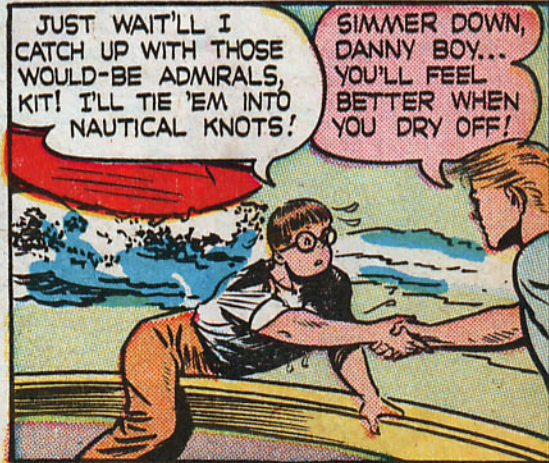
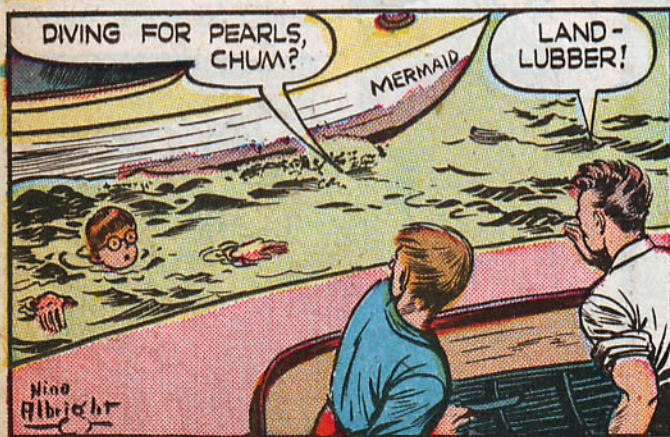
MILK HAMMER

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



KIT CARTER, DAN MERRY, AND LULU SCOTT ARE SPENDING A WEEK AT THE EDGEWATER YACHT CLUB AS GUESTS OF GINNY DAWN. PRACTICING FOR THE COMMODORE'S CUP RACES, THE BOYS SUDDENLY FIND THEMSELVES MAKING A **BIG SPLASH** IN THE SAILBOAT SET.



GINNY AND LULU ARE WAITING AT THE PIER--

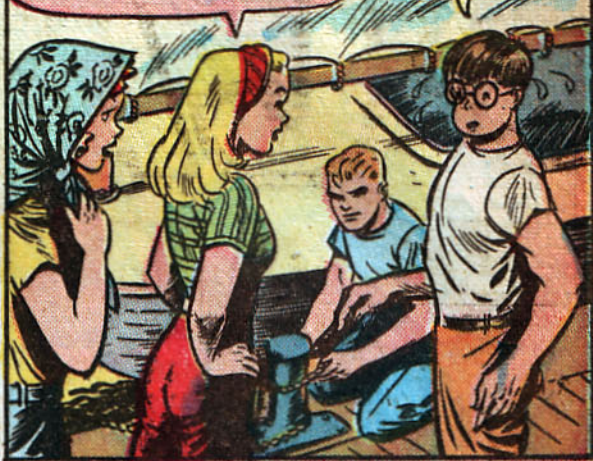
HI, BOYS! HOW DID MY BOAT BEHAVE?

LIKE A BUCKING BRONCO, GINNY! I THINK SHE MISSED HER MISTRESS!



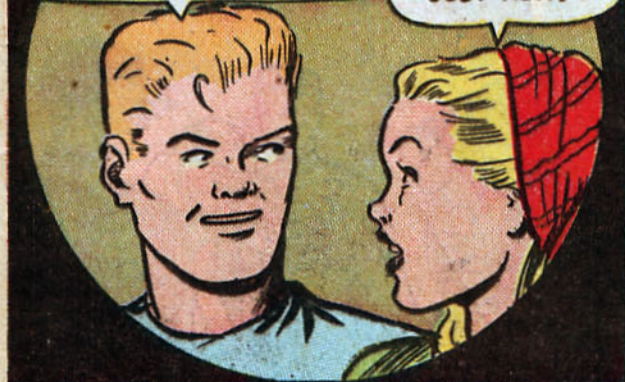
SILLY! YOU'LL GET THE HANG OF IT! WHY, DAN! WHAT HAPPENED?

I GOT DUNKED!



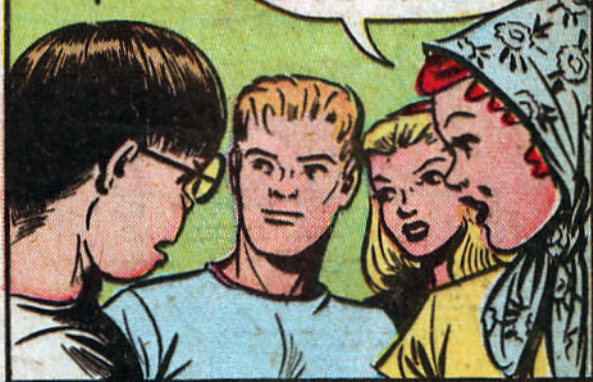
DAN'S MAD BECAUSE A COUPLE OF YOUR YATCH CLUB PALS GAVE HIM THE HORSE LAUGH WHEN HE FELL OVERBOARD!

SO THAT'S WHAT ALVIN PHELPS WAS SPLITTING HIS SIDES ABOUT JUST NOW!



BETTER HE SHOULD SPLIT HIS HEAD!

ALVIN'S ONE OF THOSE SPOILED BRATS WITH A PERSONALITY LIKE THE INSIDE OF YOUR POCKET, BUT HE IS THE BEST SAILOR IN THE CROWD!



MASTER PHELPS IS THE FAVORITE TO WIN THE COMMODORE'S CUP TOMORROW. ISN'T THAT RIGHT, GINNY?

YES--AND WITH THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR BOAT OF HIS, HOW CAN HE LOSE?



YES--HOW CAN HE LOSE!

COME ON, WE'VE JUST TIME TO EAT AND GET READY FOR THE DANCE TONIGHT!

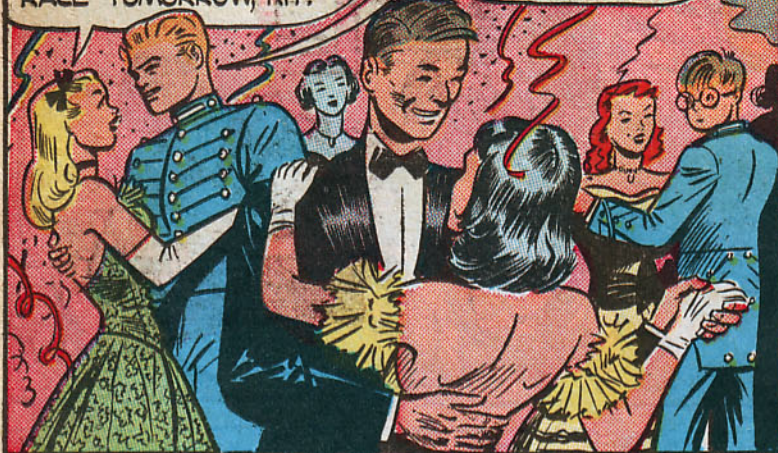


Q No. 10. Ginny will be a Terpsichorean. What's that? Answer is indicated in last picture.

That NIGHT AT THE DANCE...

HOPE MY BOAT BRINGS
YOU GOOD LUCK IN THE
RACE TOMORROW, KIT!

I WISH YOU WERE
MY CREW, GINNY. AS A
SAILOR, DAN'S A DARN
GOOD CADET!



ALVIN PHELPS STEPS ON GINNY'S GOWN.

OOH! MY DRESS,



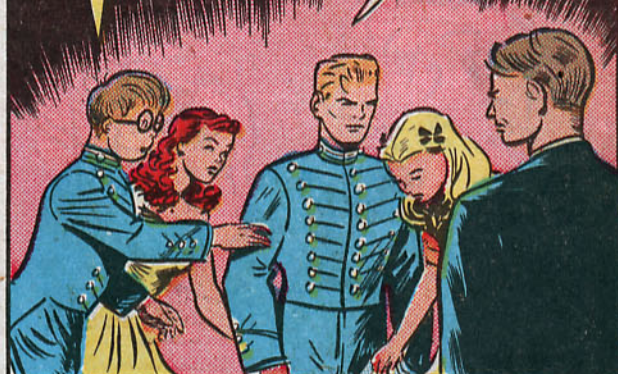
WHY DON'T YOU LOOK
WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
CARTER? YOU DANCE
WORSE THAN YOU SAIL!

MAYBE, BUT MY
DANCING ISN'T AS
BAD AS YOUR
MANNERS, PHELPS!



WE SAW THE
WHOLE THING, KIT.
IT'S HIS FAULT!

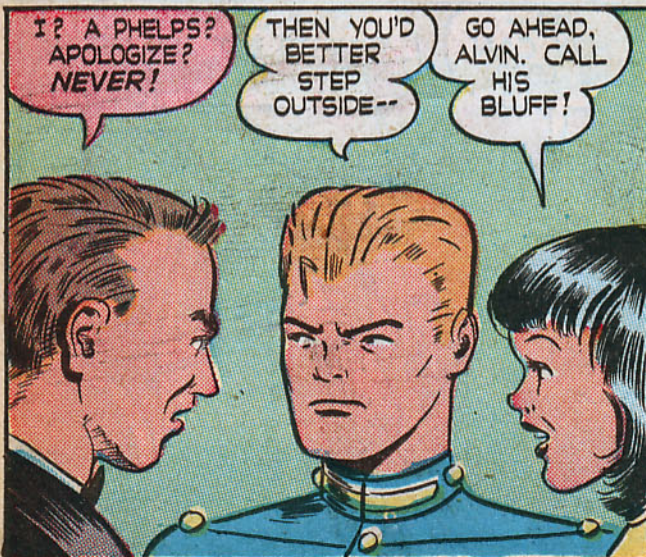
THANKS, DAN. WELL,
PHELPS -- AREN'T YOU
GOING TO APOLOGIZE
TO GINNY?



I? A PHELPS?
APOLOGIZE?
NEVER!

THEN YOU'D
BETTER
STEP
OUTSIDE--

GO AHEAD,
ALVIN. CALL
HIS
BLUFF!



A FEW SECONDS LATER, ALVIN RETURNS.

I'LL GET EVEN WITH THAT CORNY CADET!
I'LL MAKE HIM LOOK FOOLISH IN THAT HOME-
MADE SCOW HE CALLS A BOAT.



AFTER THE DANCE--

BOY, THAT WAS SOME HAYMAKER
YOU HUNG ON FRIEND ALVIN!

UMMM--

HEY, YOU'VE HAD YOUR NOSE IN THOSE
MANUALS FOR TWO HOURS. AREN'T
YOU EVER GOING TO BED?

I'M CRAMMING FOR OUR SAILING EXAM
TOMORROW.

BUT WE'RE ON
VACATION, REMEM--
OH, I GET IT! YOU
MEAN THE RACE!

THAT'S
RIGHT.

WASTE NOT THE MIDNIGHT OIL,
MY FRIEND-- WE HAVEN'T A
CHANCE AGAINST ALVIN AND
THAT THOUSAND-DOLLAR KNICK-
KNACK HE'S SAILING.

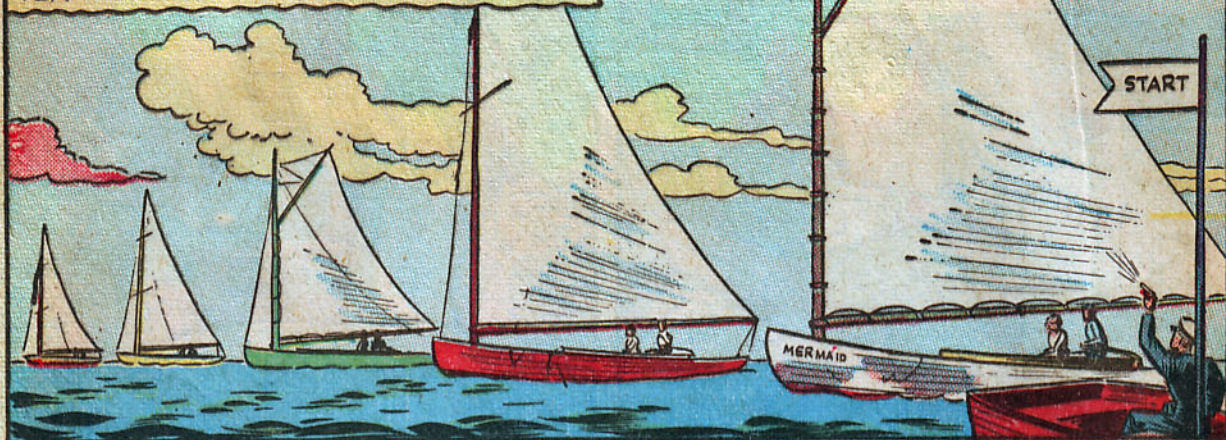
MAYBE NOT-- BUT I'D SURE
LIKE TO TAKE THE WIND OUT
OF THAT SPOILED BRAT'S
SAILS!

NEXT DAY AT RACE TIME, KIT AND DAN SHOVE OFF FOR THE
STARTING LINE--

GOOD
LUCK,
BOYS.

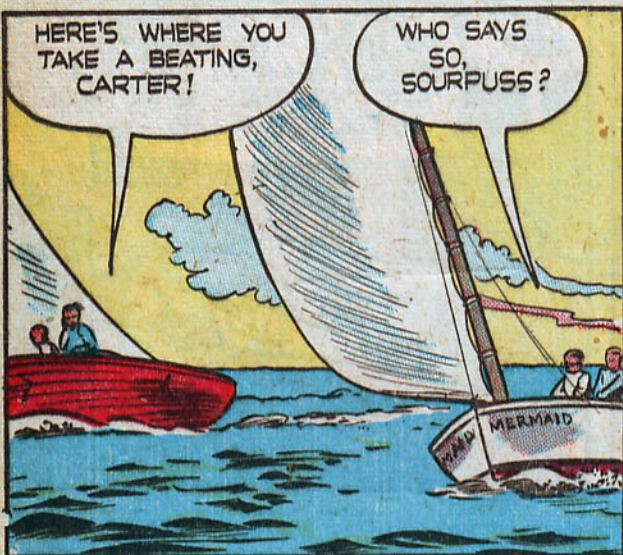
AND DON'T GET
DUNKED, DANNY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BOOM OF THE STARTER'S GUN SENDS THE GRACEFUL, WHITE-SAILED CRAFT ON THEIR STRAIGHT TEN-MILE COURSE ACROSS THE SOUND.

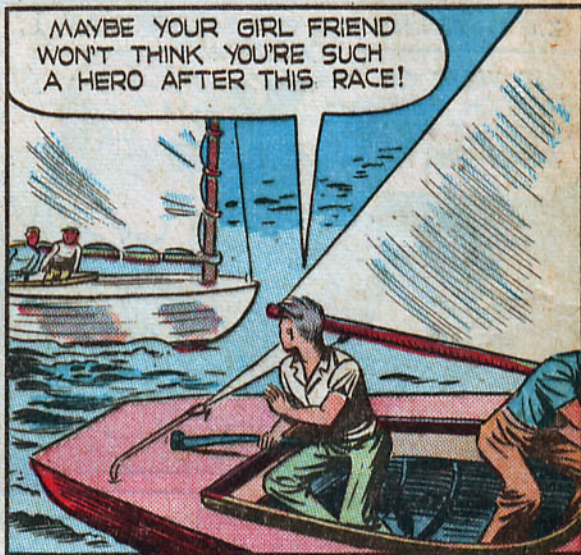


HERE'S WHERE YOU TAKE A BEATING, CARTER!

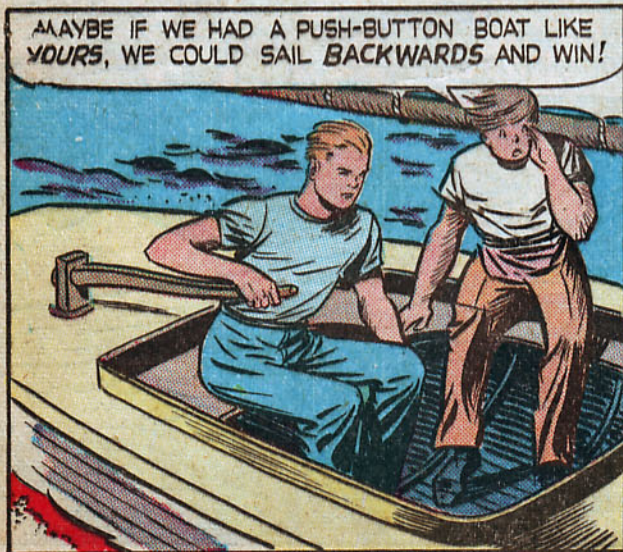
WHO SAYS SO, SOURPUSS?



MAYBE YOUR GIRL FRIEND WON'T THINK YOU'RE SUCH A HERO AFTER THIS RACE!



MAYBE IF WE HAD A PUSH-BUTTON BOAT LIKE YOURS, WE COULD SAIL BACKWARDS AND WIN!



IN A FEW MINUTES, ALVIN PHELPS'S RED CRAFT HAS OPENED A SIZABLE LEAD.

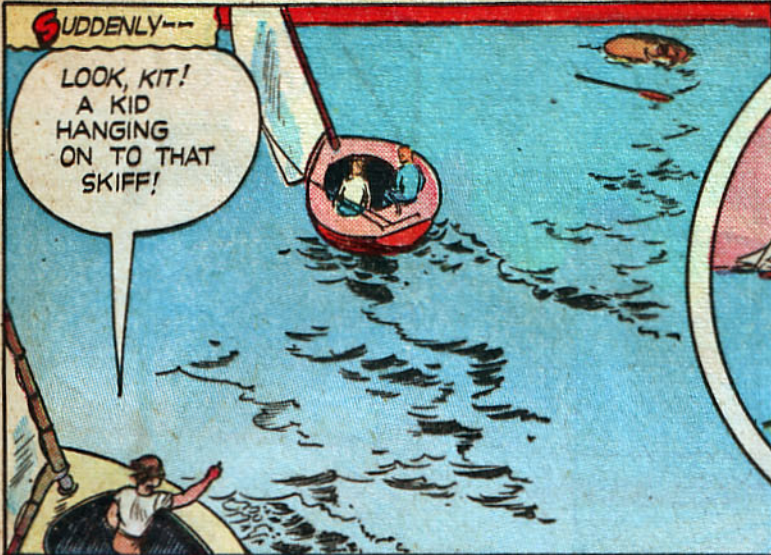


A 11. About 12 hours 25 minutes! 5 hrs. 27 min. each for in and out, with 1 hr. 31 min. interval.

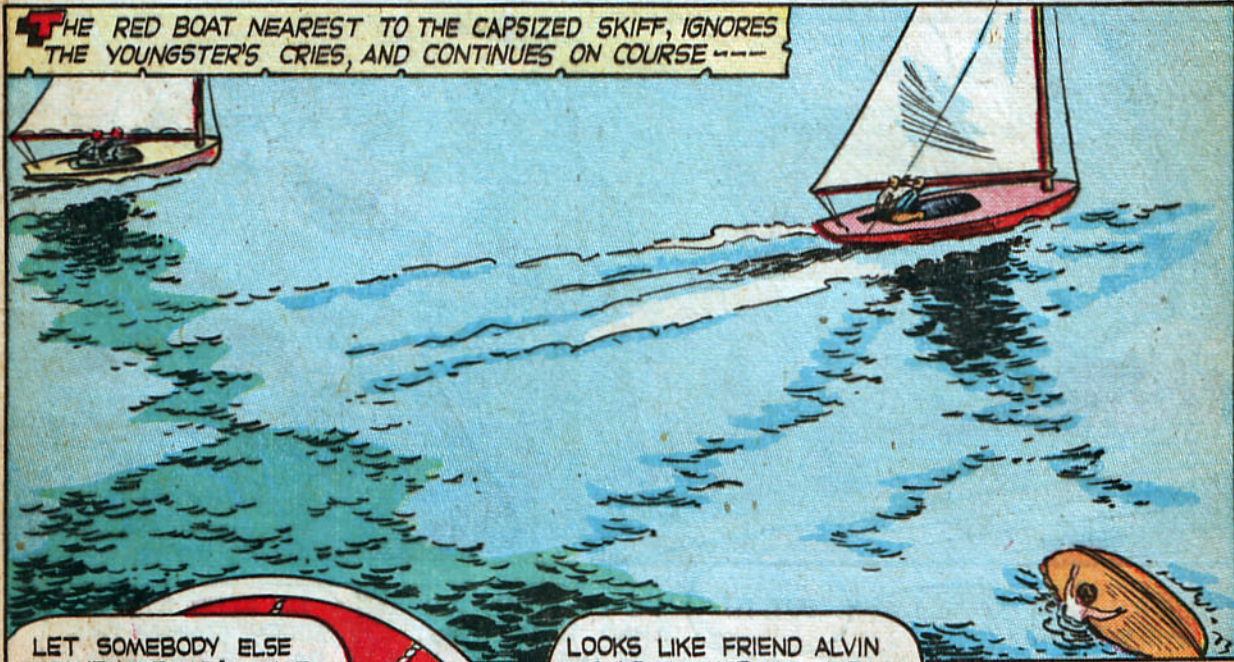
SUDDENLY—

LOOK, KIT!
A KID
HANGING
ON TO THAT
SKIFF!

HELP!



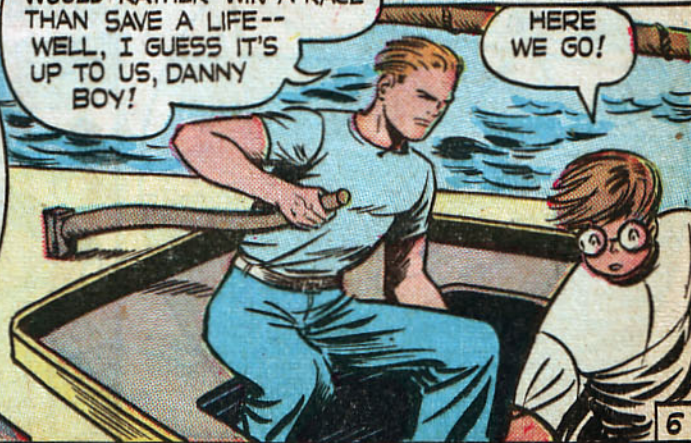
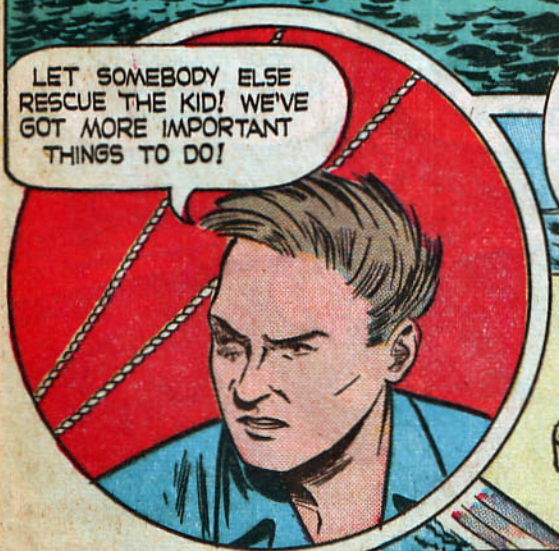
THE RED BOAT NEAREST TO THE CAPSIZED SKIFF, IGNORES THE YOUNGSTER'S CRIES, AND CONTINUES ON COURSE ———



LET SOMEBODY ELSE
RESCUE THE KID! WE'VE
GOT MORE IMPORTANT
THINGS TO DO!

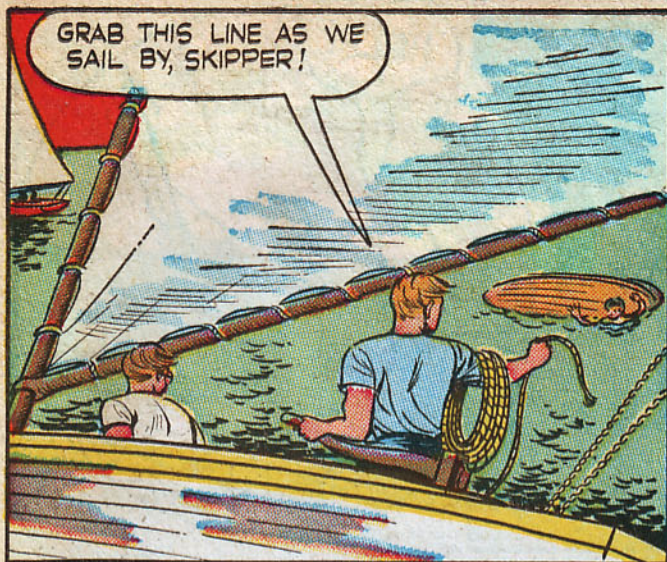
LOOKS LIKE FRIEND ALVIN
WOULD RATHER WIN A RACE
THAN SAVE A LIFE--
WELL, I GUESS IT'S
UP TO US, DANNY
BOY!

HERE
WE GO!

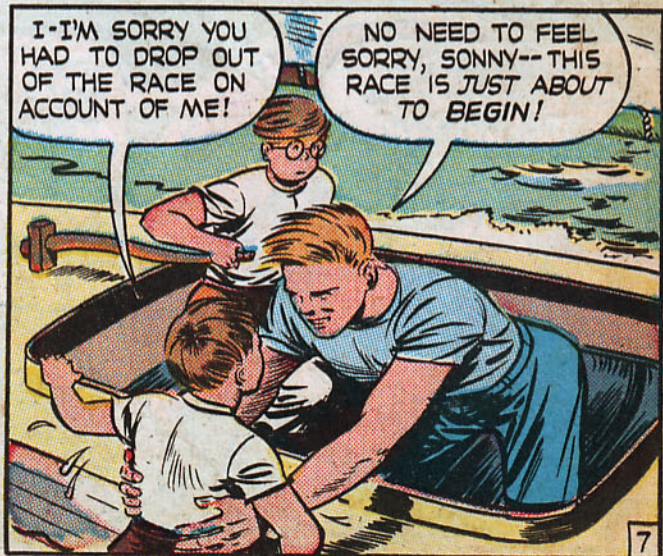
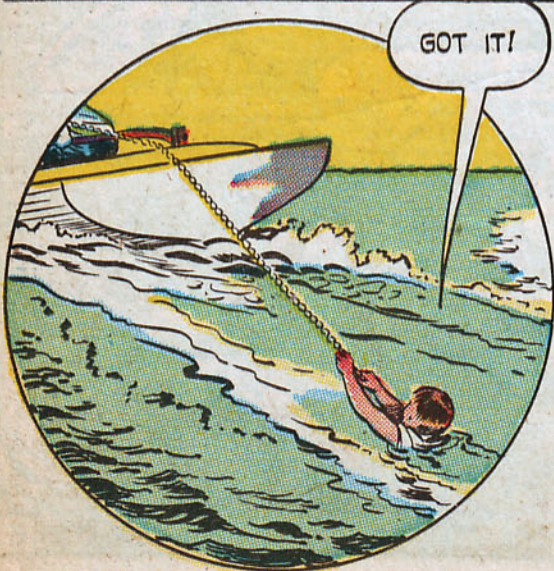
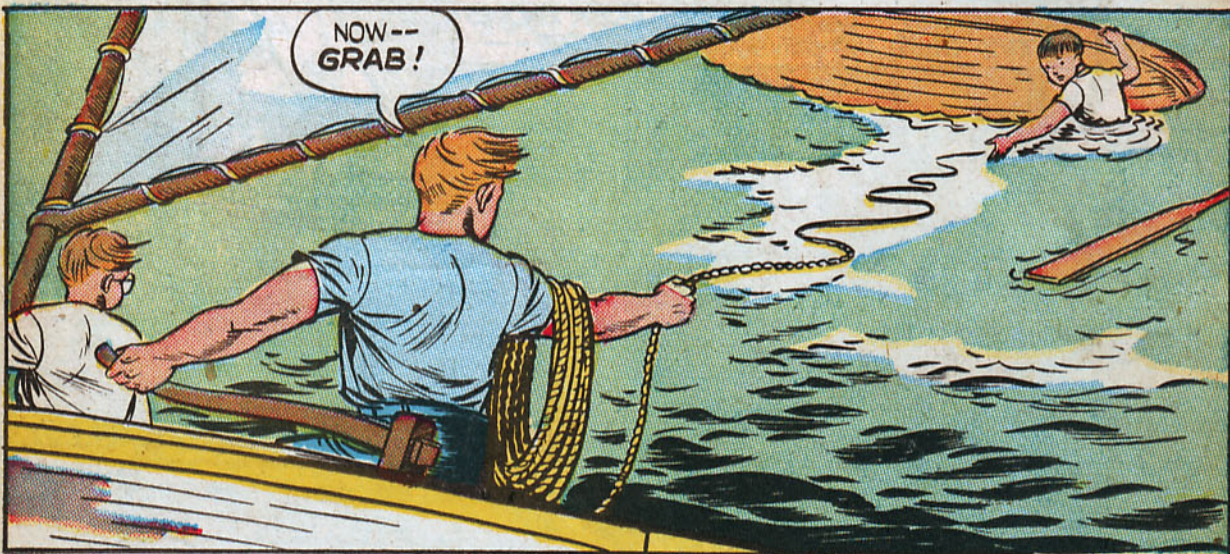
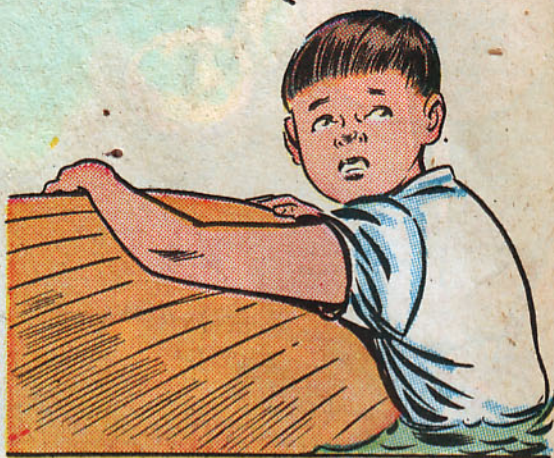


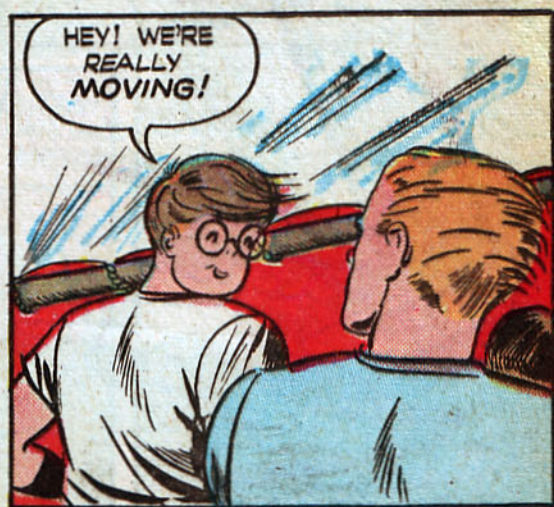
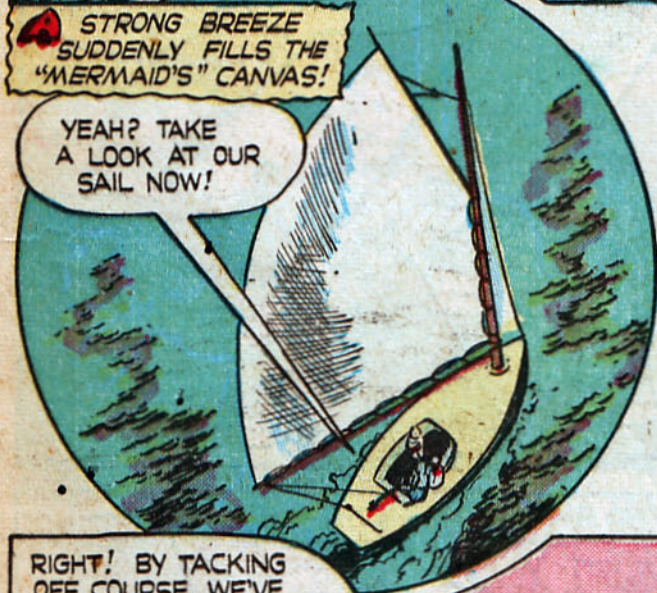
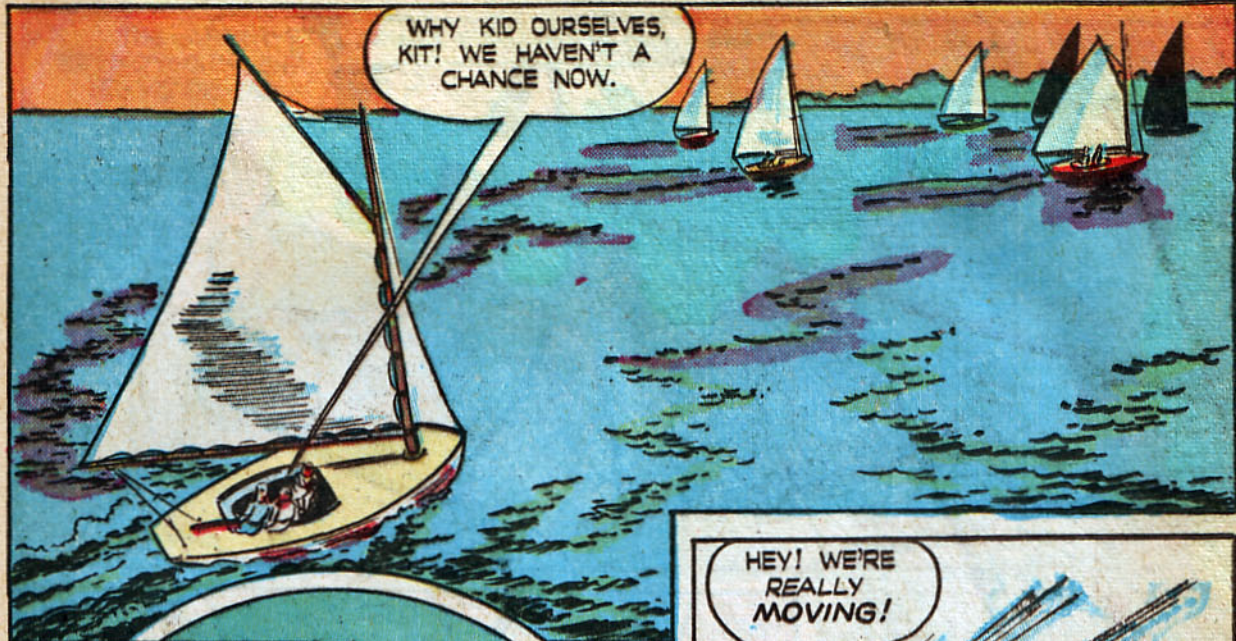
6

Q No. 12. The handle that Kit has in his hand is called what?

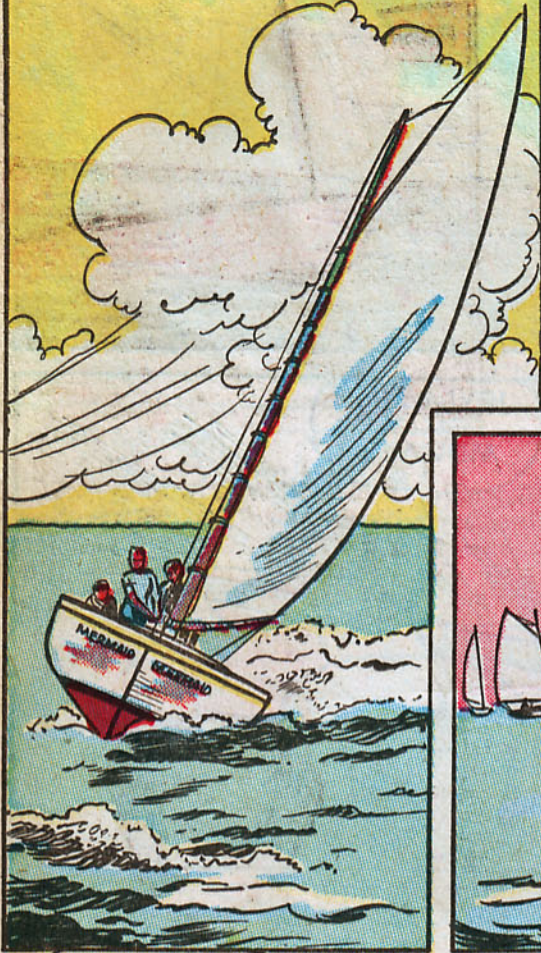


I'LL TRY!

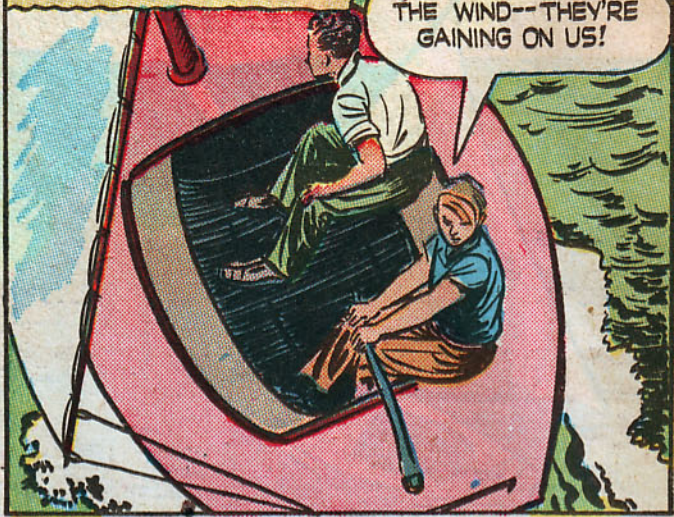




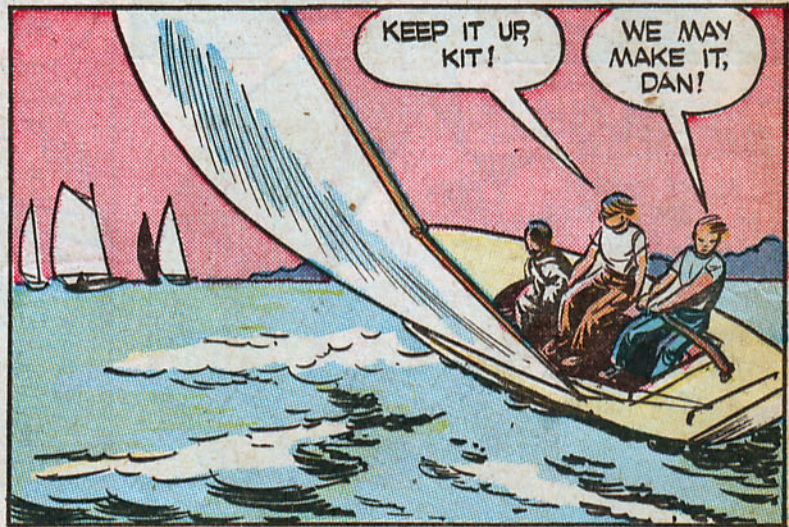
SPURRED BY THE FAVORABLE BREEZE, THE "MERMAID" FAIRLY FLIES ACROSS THE WHITE-CAPPED WATERS OF THE SOUND!



AND IN PHELPS'S BOAT—



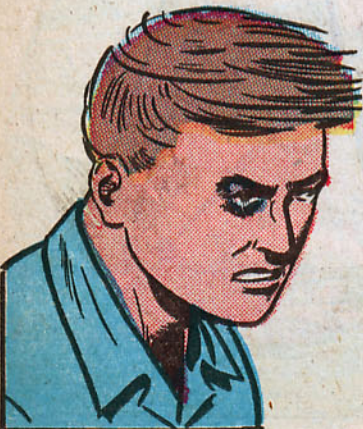
THEY'VE GOT THE WIND--THEY'RE GAINING ON US!



KEEP IT UP, KIT!

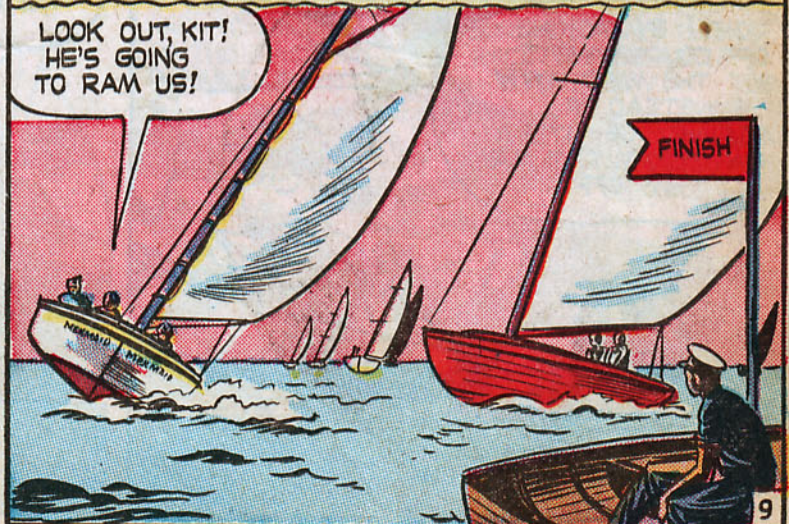
WE MAY MAKE IT, DAN!

I'LL FIX THOSE CADETS!



AS THE TWO BOATS APPROACH THE FINISH LINE---

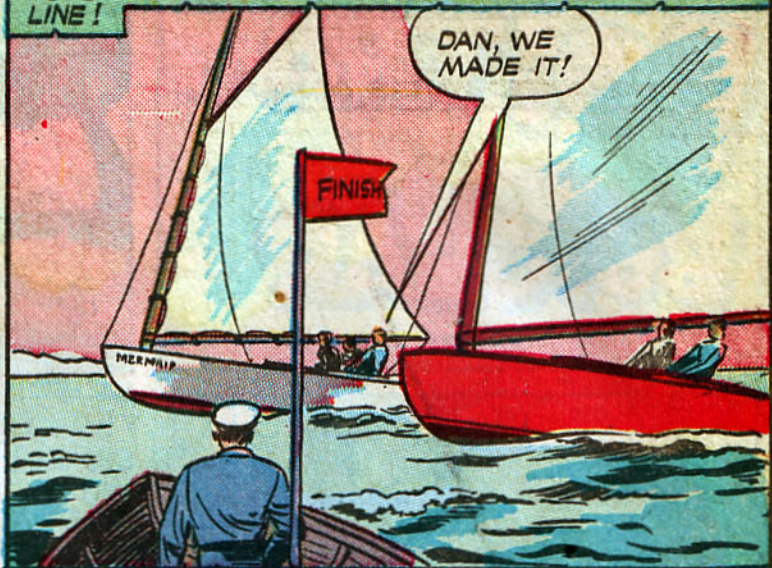
LOOK OUT, KIT! HE'S GOING TO RAM US!



**KIT JAMS THE TILLER HARD
TO PORT--**

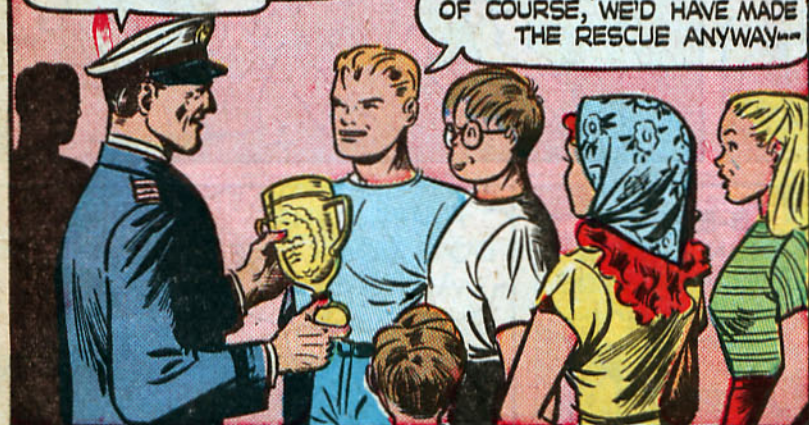


**--AND THE "MERMAID" AVOIDS COLLISION BY INCHES
AS SHE OUTRACES HER RIVAL ACROSS THE FINISH
LINE!**



**LATER, KIT AND DAN RECEIVE
THE WINNER'S TROPHY--**

**--NOT ONLY FOR YOUR THRILLING
VICTORY, BUT ALSO FOR YOUR
HEROIC RESCUE!**

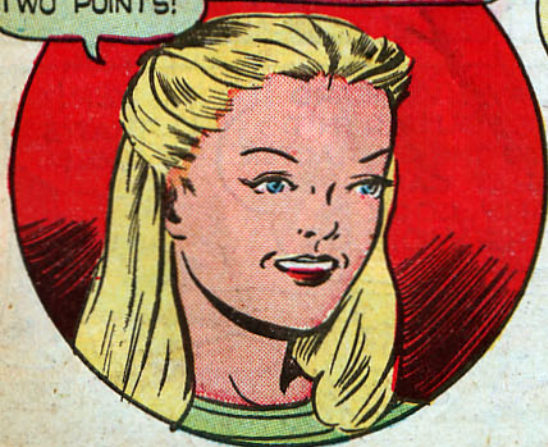


**THANK YOU, COMMODORE!
OF COURSE, WE'D HAVE MADE
THE RESCUE ANYWAY--**

**--BUT I MUST ADMIT THAT I
KNEW FROM STUDYING THE
WIND-AND-TIDE CHARTS, THAT
WE STOOD A GOOD CHANCE
OF GETTING A STRONG WIND
BY TACKLING OFF COURSE!**



**PROVING THAT A STRAIGHT LINE
MAY BE THE SHORTEST--BUT NOT
THE QUICKEST--DISTANCE BETWEEN
TWO POINTS!**

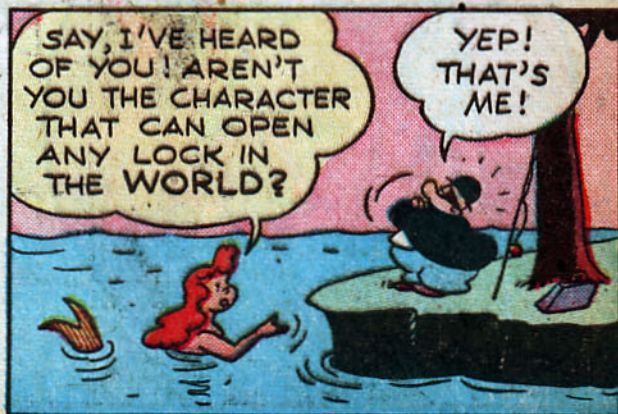
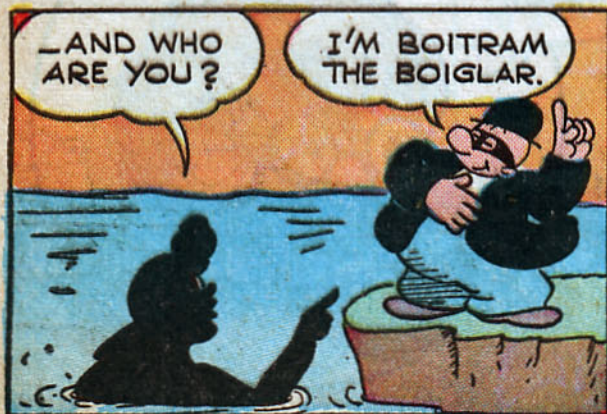
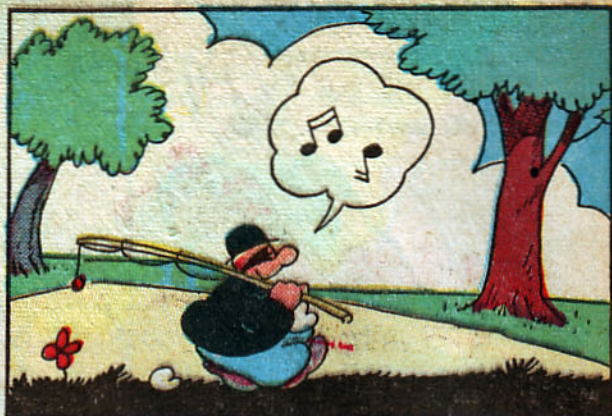


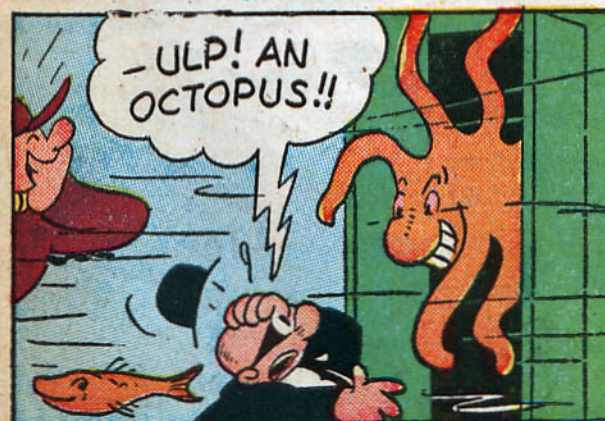
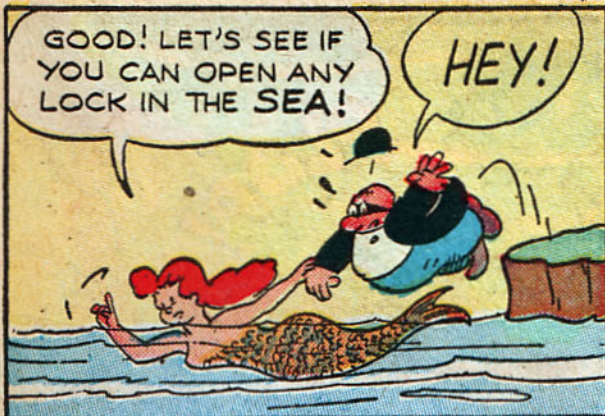
**YEH-- AND PROVING
THAT A THOUSAND-DOLLAR
BOAT ISN'T WORTH TWO CENTS
--IF THE GUY AT THE TILLER
HAS A ONE TACK
MIND!**



BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

BY ART HELFANT

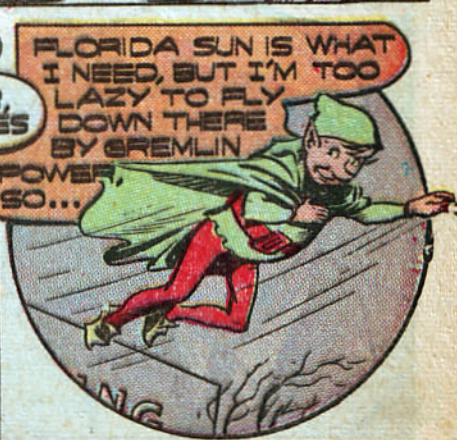


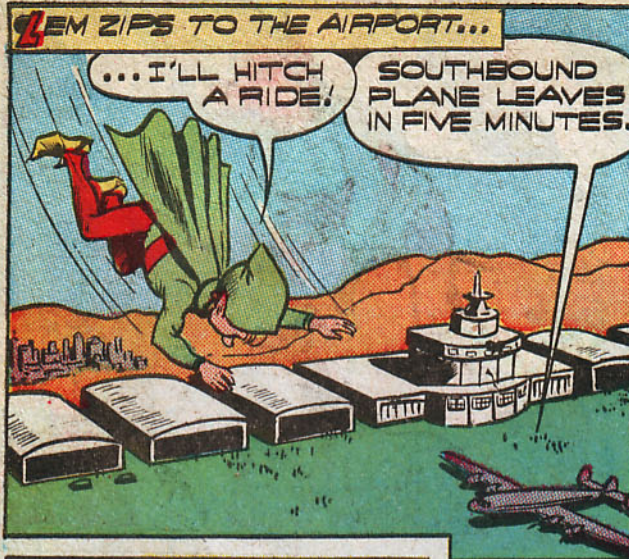




LEM THE GREY

LEMUEL GREMLIN, ESQUIRE, ALWAYS ADEPT AT MAKING A BAD SITUATION WORSE WITH HIS MERRY MISCHIEF, TANGLES WITH SOME FEUDING HILLBILLIES WHO ARE PUT TO FLIGHT BY HIS ANTICS.





...I'LL HITCH A RIDE!

SOUTHBOUND PLANE LEAVES IN FIVE MINUTES!



HMMM... IT ISN'T JET-PROPELLED, BUT IT WILL HAVE TO DO!

GOSH, MR. BEATON, LET ME HELP YOU, SIR!



I DIDN'T EXPECT THE OWNER OF THE AIRLINE TO BE MAKING THIS FLIGHT!

HUMPH! DON'T MIND, DO YOU, PILOT?

NOT AT ALL, OLE BOY, NOT AT ALL!



WHO SAID THAT? WHO'S THE WISE GUY?

HO! HUM! IF HE COULD SEE ME, I'D MAKE A FACE!



COME ON! LET'S GO!

ANN!



HOW ABOUT A DATE WHEN WE HIT MIAMI?

SORRY, BRUCE. BUT...ER...I PROMISED TO VISIT AN OLD AUNT!



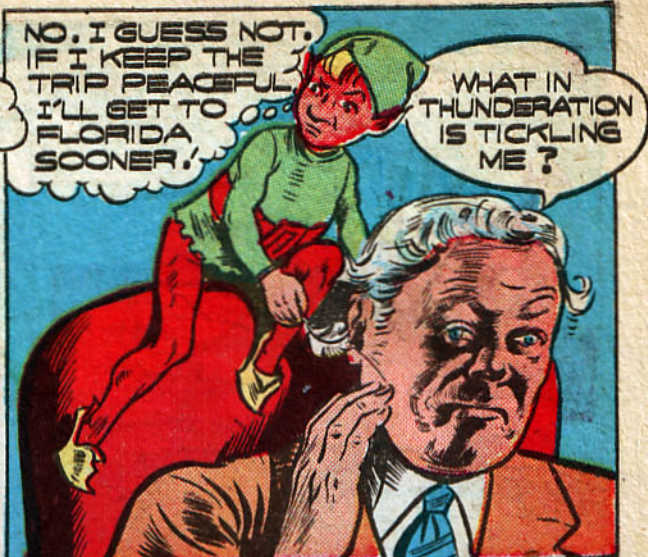
GOSH! LAST TIME IT WAS AN OLD UNCLE! DON'T YOU EVER RUN OUT OF RELATIONS?

PILOT! WE'VE GOT A SCHEDULE TO MEET!

SORRY!



BRUCE, THE PILOT, ISN'T MAKING MUCH TIME WITH ANN THE STEWARDESS. WONDER IF I OUGHTA HELP HIM?



NO. I GUESS NOT. IF I KEEP THE TRIP PEACEFUL, I'LL GET TO FLORIDA SOONER!

WHAT IN THUNDERATION IS TICKLING ME?



YEP. I'M ALL FOR A SNOOZE AND A QUICK TRIP!

BUT TWO HOURS OF DOZING BORE LEM, AND HE BEGINS TO FIDGET FOR ACTION!



YOU SAY YOU WERE BORN IN SNAGTOOTH GAP, MISS HENLY?

YES. IT'S A TINY HILLBILLY TOWN. I LEFT IT WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG.



I'D LOVE TO VISIT IT SOME DAY... BUT I NEVER SEEM TO GET THE CHANCE!

WHY, THAT'S A SHAME!



GREMLINS ARE FAMOUS FOR THEIR ABILITY TO FOUL UP PLANES AND LEM IS NO EXCEPTION.

HEH! HEH! A FEW CLEVER LITTLE CHANGES IN THE MAP AND NAVIGATION INSTRUMENTS...



... PLUS A BIT OF MOTOR TROUBLE, FIXED TO HAPPEN AT JUST THE RIGHT TIME ...



... ADDS UP TO OUR PLANE BEING FORCED DOWN AT SNAGTOOTH GAP! I'M JUST A GENIUS!

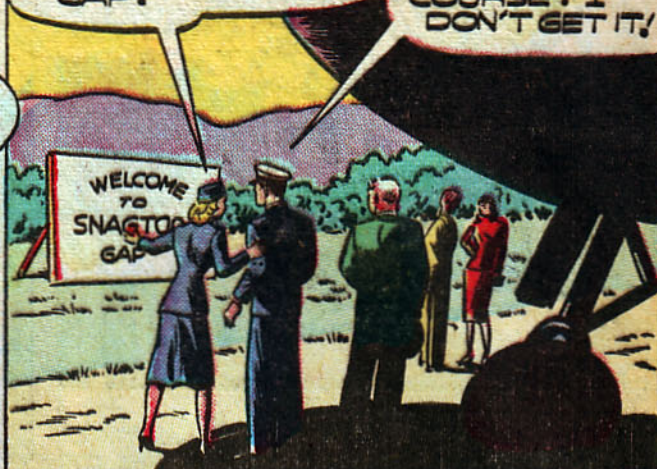
SURE ENOUGH, THE PLANE SWINGS FAR OFF ITS REGULAR COURSE. NEAR SNAFTOOTH GAP, ONE OF THE MOTORS STARTS SPUTTERING.

HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS! I'LL SET 'ER DOWN IN THIS FIELD!



GOODNESS! LOOK! WE'RE IN SNAFTOOTH GAP!

THAT'S WAY OFF OUR COURSE! I DON'T GET IT!



WELL, I GET IT, YOU LOVESICK PUPPY! YOU DELIBERATELY TRIFLED WITH THE COMPANY'S PROPERTY AND SCHEDULE IN ORDER TO IMPRESS MISS HENLY!

GOSH!



OH, BRUCE... YOU WERE FOOLISH TO DO IT!

NOW FIX THAT PLANE! WHEN WE REACH MIAMI, YOU'RE FIRED!

WHILE THAT FOOL FIXES THE PLANE, WE MIGHT AS WELL SEE YOUR HOME TOWN, MISS HENLY!

DOGGONE IT, I'VE GOTTA HELP THAT PILOT SOMEHOW!



GOSH!

ULP!



ADEM TRAILS ANN TO SNAFTOOTH GAP, WHERE SHE GETS A STRANGE RECEPTION!

HELLO! I'M ANN HENLY AND...

AWK! DID YE SAY GENERAL HENLY?

BALLS OF FIRE!



GIT OUTTA HERE, MISS! IF N THE WACKER BOYS KNEW A HENLY STILL LIVED, THEY WOULDN'T REST A MINUTE!

YEP! JACK, MACK, N' LIVED, THEY WOULDN'T. ZACK ARE ORNERY CUSSES!

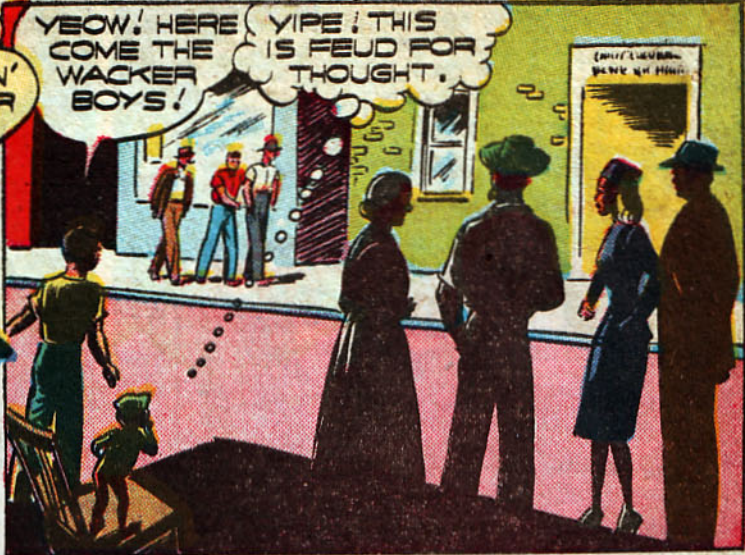


HEAVENS.
IS...IS IT
A FEUD?

HUH! THE HENLYS
AND WACKERS
HAVE BEEN KILLIN'
EACH OTHER FOR
YEARS.

YEOW! HERE
COME THE
WACKER
BOYS!

YIPE! THIS
IS FEUD FOR
THOUGHT.



HEY, JACK! MACK!
ZACK! THERE'S
A HENLY IN TOWN!



DOGGONE,
NOW WHAT DO
WE-UNS
DO?

SHUCKS...
I HATE
KILLIN',...

BUT WE'LL
PLUMB LOSE
OUR SOCIAL
STANDIN' UNLESS
WE ACT TOUGH.



LEM SPEAKS UP FOR
BEATON.

STEP UP,
HENLY!

I'M
HENLY... WHAT
DO YOU PUNKS
WANT?

HUH?



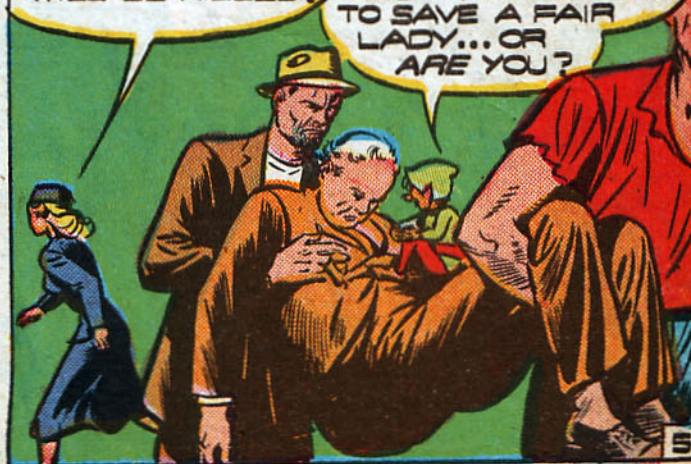
WE'LL DRAG THE POLECAT
UP TO THE SHACK, AND FINISH
HIM OFF THERE!

POW!



I MUST GET BRUCE!
POOR MR. BEATON!
I WILL BE KILLED!

SORRY, BEATON,
OLE PAL, BUT I
KNOW YOU'RE GLAD
TO SAVE A FAIR
LADY... OR
ARE YOU?



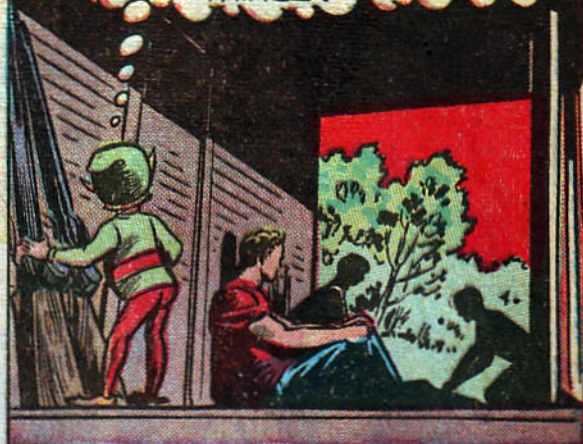
AT THE WACKER SHACK...

LET'S SHOOT THE
VARMINT AND GIT
IT DONE WITH!

CAN'T SAY
I LIKE THE
IDEE!



CAN'T SAY BEATON LIKES
THE IDEA EITHER, BUT THIS
LITTLE GAG OUGHTA FIX
THINGS!



LEM REMOVES THE
BULLETS FROM THE
CARTRIDGES, LEAVING
ONLY THE POWDER
CHARGE, THEN REPLACES
THEM IN THE RIFLES.



WE'RE GIVIN' YOU A
SPORTIN' CHANCE!
RUN ACROSS THE
FIELD!... MAYBE
WE'LL MISS
YOU!

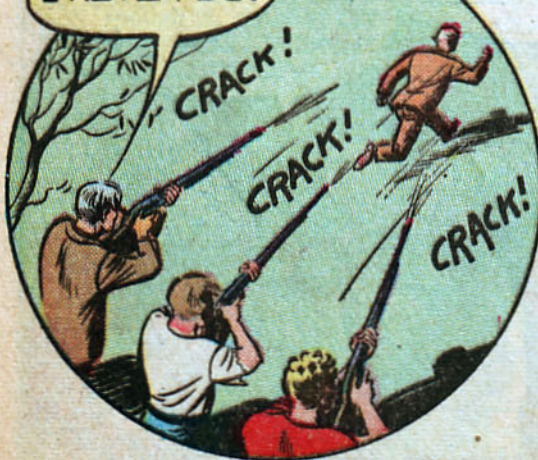
WHAT
CHANCE
OF THAT?



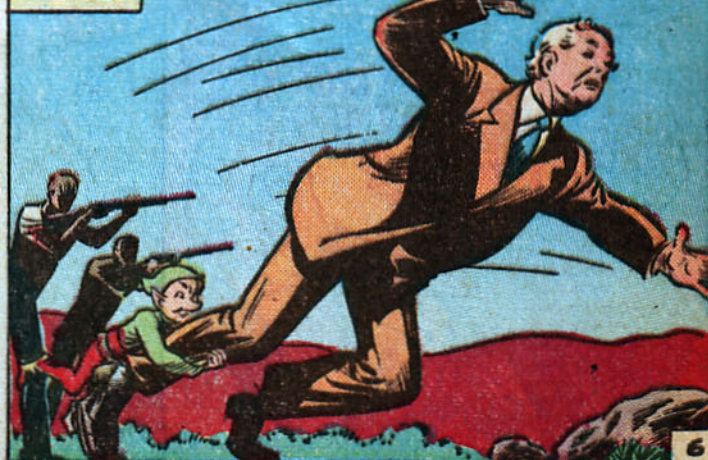
NOT MUCH, LESS'N YOU
RUN FASTER'N A
JACK RABBIT! NOW
GIT!



KINDA HOPE I
MISS... BUT
I NEVER DO!



AS THE RIFLES FIRE, LEM TRIPS BEATON,
WHO IS STUNNED BY THE
FALL.



(GULP!) HE'S BOYS, NOW
LYIN' MIGHTY WE-UNS ARE...
STILL! MUST KILLERS LIKE
BE DEAD! OUR PAPPY AND
GRANDPAPPY.



YEP! KILLERS! AND I'M
GONNA HAUNT YE FOR
THE REST OF YOUR
LIVES! HEH-
HEH-HE!



W-W-
WHAT'S
THAT?



I'M YOUR CONSCIENCE!
HEEEEE-HEEEEE!
I'LL NEVER
LEAVE YE!
OOOOOO!



WE'RE
HAUNTED!
RUN, BOYS!
THE PLACE
IS BEWITCHED!

JUST THEN,
HURRYING TO HELP
MR. BEATON, BRUCE
OUTRUNS ANN, AND
ARRIVES FIRST!

MR. BEATON!
THANK
GOODNESS
YOU'RE
OKAY!



JUST
THANK
ME!

YOU'RE TERRIFIC, BRUCE!
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW YOU SCARED OFF
THOSE WILD MEN!



BUT I...

GUESS I BETTER
KEEP MY MOUTH
SHUT!

SOON, AIRBORNE AND
SOUTHBOUND...

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT YOUR
JOB! YOU
SAVED MY
LIFE!

WHY,
BRUCE...
YOU'RE
A HERO!



BRUCE... HOW
ABOUT A DATE
IN MIAMI?

WELL, I WAS GONNA VISIT A
TWENTY-SEVENTH
COUSIN... BUT
I GUESS I
CAN SQUEEZE
YOU IN!

SOUTHLAND,
HERE
WE COME!



AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!

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and BETTER THAN EVER!

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Steel
Construction**

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Merely clip ad and mail to-day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return untampered within 10 days for a speedy refund.



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PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...
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HERE'S REAL "BIG SHOT" FLASH!

Men's **Genuine STERLING SILVER**



"The
New
Yorker"

Personalized INITIAL RING

Only \$3.98

With TWO
SPARKLING
SIMULATED
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Now you can have a massive Sterling Silver ring with YOUR OWN GOLD PLATED INITIAL and two gleaming simulated DIAMONDS at our amazingly low price! Actually compares in appearance with rings selling from \$75 to \$50 higher. Now you can appear to be as prosperous as many bankers and big city playboys who wear similar rings selling for hundreds of dollars. Why pay a fantastic sum? Order your own "personalized" initial ring now. Makes an ideal gift, too! **SEND NO MONEY!** Just send name, address and ring size. (String or strip of paper will do.) Then pay postman only \$3.98 plus 20% fed. tax and few cents postage. Or send \$4.78 and we pay postage. **ACT NOW!** Return in 10 days for refund if you don't agree it's the best ring buy you have ever seen.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, INC., 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB 18

YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU

Make Money With Your Own JUKE BOX BANK

A Real Money-Maker For You . . . Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP

YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly add up to mighty dollar bills with this new Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic reproduction of the tuneless Juke Box down at the corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties or when company comes to call. The coins and currency will really pour in, because **everyone** wants to see it light up electrically and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be Thrifty"—to which we might add: it's **easy** to be thrifty when you have an attention-getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If you are not delighted, return within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. IR 49



\$1.98
Post Paid
Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-In!

JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:

It's Wise to be Thrifty

4 MOST FUN

I MAKE THE FIGURE
8 THE HARD WAY.
TWO 4'S !!!

AREN'T PAJAMAS
JUST AS GOOD?

FURNITURE

YEAH-'N'
THEY'RE CHEAPER
TOO !!!

SALE
BEDROOM
SUITES
\$157.
\$10 DOWN

PREMIUM EXPRESS

MY DOG DOESN'T BITE—
HE ONLY BARKS !!!

(OUCH) WELL, HE
JUST BARKED MY
SHINS !!!

TENANT'S NOTICE
PLEASE DON'T
MAKE HOLES IN WALLS.

MUSCLE
BUILDING
IN 5
LESSONS

MILK HAMMER

Nothing like it!

GET YOUR FREE MOVIE STAR PICTURES

FREE!

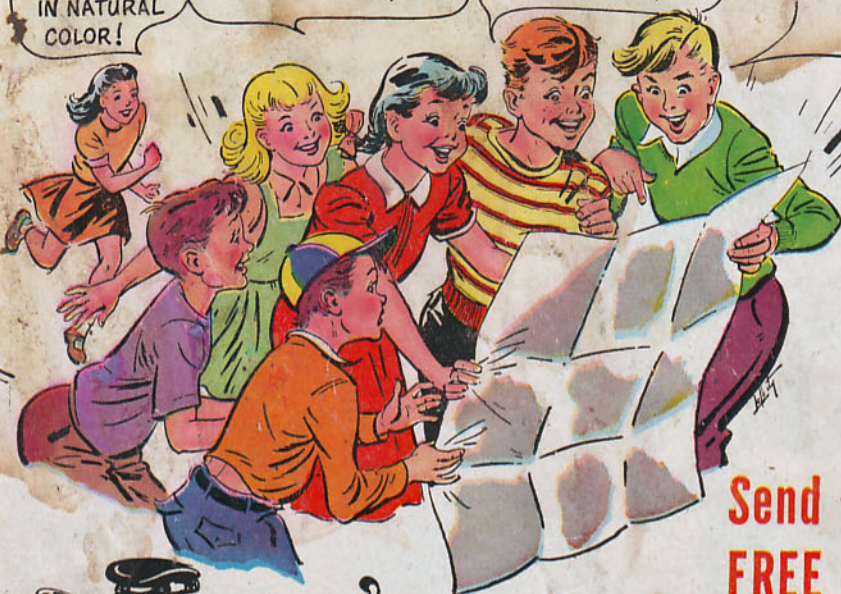
OH BOY! LOTS OF PICTURES IN NATURAL COLOR!

SEE THE SWELL PICTURES OF THE NEW SCHWINN BIKES, TOO!

FREE, TOO! JUST SEND THE COUPON!

LOOK! ROY ROGERS, BOB HOPE, BING CROSBY, JANIS PAIGE.....ALL THE FAMOUS MOVIE STARS!

JOIN THE FUN! SEND FOR YOURS TODAY!



**Send for this NEW 1948
FREE Movie Star Folder
TODAY!**

SEE color pictures—photographs taken in Hollywood—of your favorite movie stars riding their Schwinn-Built Bicycles.

Read what the famous movie stars—like Roy Rogers, Bing Crosby and many others say about these beautiful, easy pedaling bikes.

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IT'S YOUR PROOF
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**RIDE WITH THE STARS ON A
Schwinn-Built Bicycle
America's Finest Bicycle**

Watch the gang gather 'round to admire your Schwinn-Built Bicycle. You'll be *king of the block* for sure because only Schwinn-Built Bicycles have such exclusive features as Automobile-Type Expander Brakes, Knee-action Spring Forks, built-in, patented kickstands and built-in Fenderlights... It's features like these that make almost 4 out of 5 boys and girls prefer Schwinn-Built Bicycles over the next leading brand. Examine a Schwinn. See why America's favorite bicycle is *America's Finest Bicycle*.

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4 MOST V7 #4 MURPHY

7-8/1948

Conner L B COLE *

Dick WHE " "

Edwin Bell GUS RICCA

Jillies H. LAZARUS *

CADET NINA *

Lemke GREN " *